

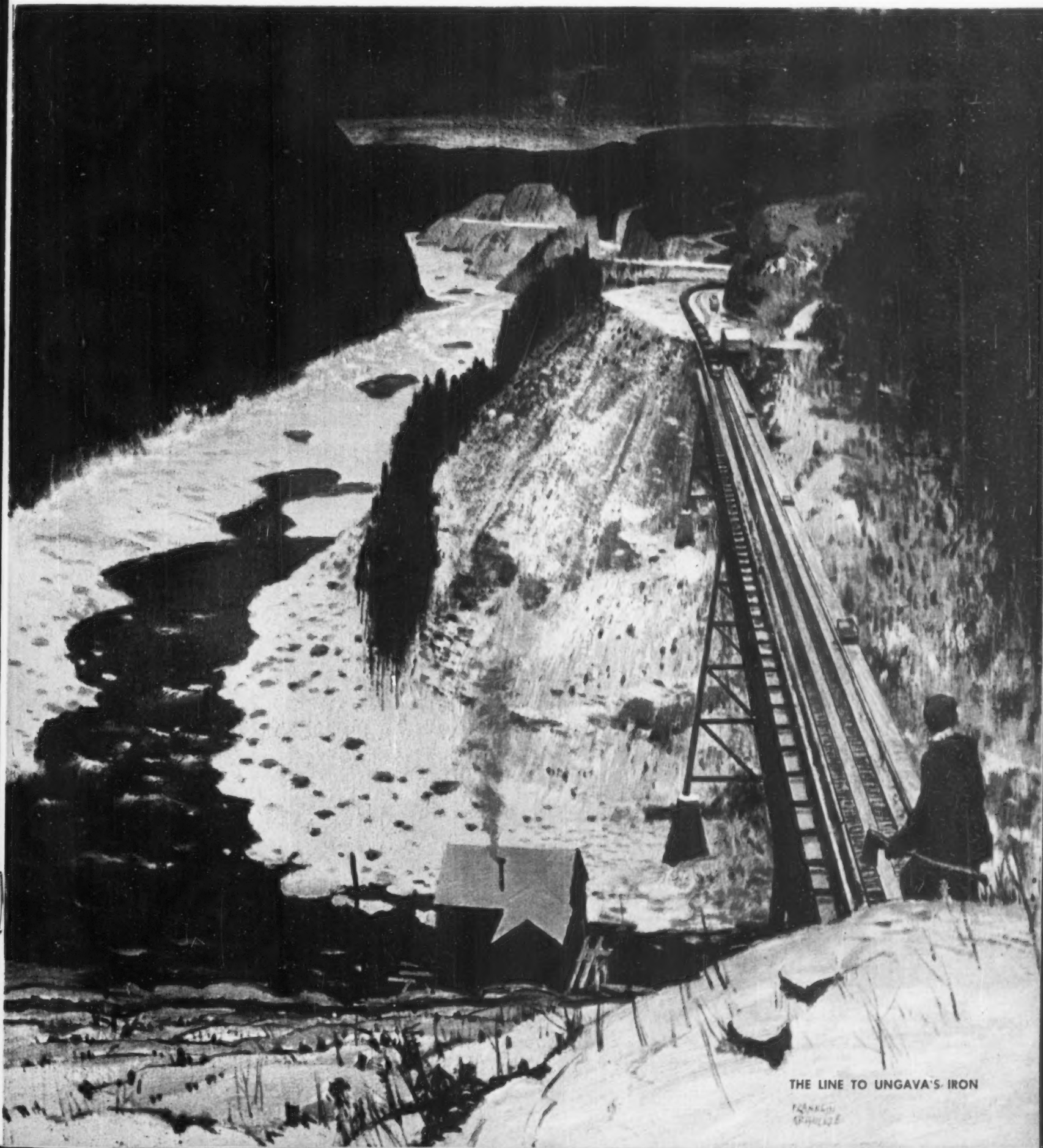
MACLEAN'S

MARCH 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION

A National Report by Sidney Katz

Karsh Photographs Montreal



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 1, 1953

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EDITORIAL

KILLING BOOKS WITH KINDNESS

THIS MONTH Canadians will be invited to celebrate Book Week. Preliminary work, according to an official statement, has included "the enlistment of support of . . . editors across Canada." We ourselves are among this band of conscripts.

As advocates of Book Week we are not unwilling but we are a bit unsure. Certainly the condition of Canadian letters is not spectacularly healthy. As the Massey Report said, "in Canada it seems that the cultural environment is hostile, or at least indifferent, to the writer." But is Book Week the right treatment for our literary anaemia? Sometimes we wonder if Canada hasn't had too much rather than too little of the Book Week approach.

First the "enlistment of support" produces a fair crop of hortatory editorials: "It's your duty to read more Canadian books." (As a rule few books are mentioned by name, for the editor hasn't read very many either.) Then the book review editors do their best to fix a simultaneous set of Saturday pages on Canadian work.

Normally the reviews are kind. Serious writers may run into harsh criticism if they tread on a local prejudice, or come to grips with a real Canadian problem. But the turgid and trivial memoirs, the collected poems privately printed, the long earnest exercises in national self-analysis—these are greeted with a courtesy which can hardly be distinguished from enthusiasm.

The result is an inflation of the currency of criticism. How can you tell a Canadian reader that Robertson Davies' *Tempest Tost* is a pretty good book or that almost any book by Roger Lemelin or Germaine Guevremont is a very good one?

Superlatives, however absolute, are not enough. Donald Creighton has just published the first volume of the best biography ever written of Sir John A. Macdonald. That is no great recommendation to a reader who has read the second-best, the so-called "standard" life by Sir Joseph Pope, a dull verbose chronicle which leaves the last twenty years of Sir John's life virtually untouched. You have to

explain laboriously that Creighton's book is not only the best Macdonald biography, it is also worth reading, a brilliant piece of writing and a pioneer work of scholarship.

Sometimes we are relieved of this dilemma by approval from abroad. Louella Creighton's *High Bright Buggy Wheels* was published in both Canada and the United States. The Canadian edition is now sold out and Canadian booksellers are importing the American volume.

But a healthier way out, it seems to us, is the treatment accorded to Bruce Hutchison's biography of Mackenzie King, *The Incredible Canadian*. Mr. Hutchison startled Canadian reviewers out of their polite apathy and set off a chain explosion of Roman candles and rockets. One review was entitled, *The Incredible Mr. Hutchison*. We ourselves called his book—and meant every word we said—"important and engrossing." We were delighted to note, nevertheless, that some of the dissents were couched in even more positive language. We doubt if any book ever published in this country has simultaneously caused so many people to stand up and shout for it and so many others to stand up and try to shout it down. This willingness to apply the same vigorous, critical standards to a Canadian work that we apply to works from abroad is a heartening sign of growing maturity and confidence.

Promoters of Book Week may well agree with these observations. They have changed the title of their annual observance from Canadian Book Week to Book Week in Canada, the point being that it's now devoted to books in general, not just Canadian books. That seems to us a sound idea.

Let Canadian writers stand on their own feet, as the good ones are able to do. Instead of putting N. J. Berrill's *Journey Into Wonder* on a shelf between two sober tomes on Canadian politics, put it beside Rachel Carson's best seller *The Sea Around Us*, where it belongs. List Hugh MacLennan and Morley Callaghan and Ernest Buckler under "N" for "Novelists," not "C" for "Canadians."

Aside from everything else, we think more Canadians would read their books.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

TTravel notes: Managing editor Pierre Berton is just back from England with material for a major series on *The Family in the Palace*, which starts in our March 15 issue. Contributor Bruce Hutchison is going to Britain to do an article for our special Coronation issue. Beverley Baxter, our London observer, and Lionel Shapiro,



Bruce Hutchison

our roving European correspondent, have both been vacationing on this side of the Atlantic, and Ottawa editor Blair Fraser has lately returned to the national capital after viewing the Washington scene. Another Maclean's editor, Sidney Katz, has completed a trans-Canada tour, doing research for a series on *The Crisis in Education*,



R. T. Allen

which begins on page 7. Contributor R. T. Allen, of Ome-mee, Ont., who tells you on page 12 that the chicken is a fascinating bird, is sunning himself on a Florida beach, and McKenzie Porter, our Quebec editor, who describes *Seven Islands* on page 24, has been in the U. S. rounding up another of his profiles on Canadian mystery men . . . Artist Franklin Arbuckle says that doing the *Seven Islands* cover for this issue was cold work, the temperature being down to zero as he sketched the iron-ore boom town.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean
HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board
FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President
DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Controller
UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36; 309 West Jackson Bldg., Chicago 6.
GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2.
Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. Price for all other countries \$4.50 per year.

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Made in Canada

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



HOW THE TORIES GUARD THE STREET OF INK

IT ALL began in 1948 when the socialists were in power though not in clover. Herbert Morrison, as the boss of the Labour Party and Leader of the House, had shown an increasing irritation with the Press and no one could deny that he had some reasons for it.

In fairness it must be admitted that when a Labour government assumes office in Britain it is faced with a national Press overwhelmingly hostile in principle to the socialist philosophy. The Times always tries to be scrupulously fair and to give broad support to whatever government is in power but at heart it is for the capitalist way of life. Lord Camrose's powerful and dignified Daily Telegraph refuses to compromise. It is an out-and-out conservative newspaper.

Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express, Sunday Express and Evening Standard support no party but are fiercely individualist and therefore anti-socialist in spirit. Lord Rothermere's Daily Mail, Evening News and Sunday Dispatch proclaim the virtues of Tory philosophy and acclaim the good deeds of the Tory party. Even the News of the World with its Sunday circulation of ten million copies mixes robust Tory propaganda with its lurid items of rape, robbery and realism from the courts. As for Lord Kemsley's Sunday Times, Sunday Graphic and Sunday Chronicle—as well as his vast kingdom of provincial newspapers—they are true-blue conservative in all weathers.



Lord Camrose

What can the Labor Party muster against these massed battalions of the Right?

There is, of course, the official socialist organ, the Daily Herald, but you cannot expect too much from a newspaper whose soul belongs to socialism but whose body is owned by the highly capitalistic publishing firm of Odhams. Such a marriage of convenience does not produce a passionate progeny.

The daily Evening Star is really a Liberal paper, but since the Liberals are virtually extinct it turns its baleful smile on the socialists rather than its ancient enemy, the Tory party. The Daily Mirror (circulation: 4,500,000) is independently in favor of socialism but not permanently so. In fact it has now become independently in favor of the Tories.



Lady Violet Bonham Carter

In the all-important matter of Sunday newspapers the socialists could only muster the anaemic under-financed Reynold's News owned by the co-operative societies; plus the intermittent support of the flashy four-million-circulation Sunday Pictorial and the mild benevolence of Odhams' week-end newspaper, The People—known sardonically as the Bumblebee.

It must not be thought that the conservative newspapers automatically praise their own party and denounce the socialists. Lord Beaverbrook's group constantly criticizes the Conservatives, and even mocks them when his lordship is in a playful mood. But psychologically and philosophically the weight of the Express group is against the socialist way of life and therefore in favor of Conservatives.

No one but a fool can deny the power of the printed word. To say that a man is no good is to toss words into the air but to print them is to drive a thought into the minds of millions. If, as a dramatic critic, I tell an author that I liked his play he is pleased but the blood does not rush to his head. But if I put it in print he is not only elated but decides there and then that I am the most discerning critic in London.

So now let us see how Herbert Morrison decided to teach the Press a lesson. He discussed the matter privately with some of his journalist socialist MPs and let it be known that it would give him deep satisfaction if the House of Commons was asked to set up a royal commission to enquire into the vagaries and problems of the Press. Needless to say, since the socialists were in power, the Government found time for the debate and named the day.

It was a battle royal. With considerable shrewdness the socialists did not direct their attack on the basis of political partisanship but proclaimed the growing power of Big Finance over Editorial Policy and concentrated on the iniquity of a proprietor such as Lord Kemsley owning a long chain of newspapers throughout the country which were driving the small local papers out of existence.

I helped to make the attack against the socialists but we were outnumbered in the division lobby even

Continued on page 38



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Political Thieves Sometimes Prosper

THIS ANECDOTE is a bit out of season now, but I only heard it the other day:

Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare, went holidaying in the West Indies during the Christmas recess. He intended to come home right after New Year's, but had such a good time he was tempted to stay a little longer. He cabled his deputy minister, George Davidson, to ask if anything important was coming up. On Friday, Jan. 2, he got the following cable in reply:

"Tis the day after New Year's,
a day of remorse;
Not a creature is stirring,
not even a horse."

IN ALL THE fuss and furor about the "stolen" copy of the Currie Report that was handed to the CCF, neither side seems to have recalled the distinguished historical precedents. Twice before a similar thing has happened, and each time it won an election for the "receiver of stolen property."

Liberals won the election of 1873 on the strength of the Pacific Scandal, the revelation that Sir John A. Macdonald and the Conservative Party had exacted money from the prospective builders of the CPR. The most damning bit of evidence was a telegram from Sir John A. Macdonald to Sir Hugh Allan, head of the CPR group:

I must have another ten thousand.
Will be last time of calling. Do not fail. Answer today.

Previously Sir George Etienne Cartier, Macdonald's chief lieutenant had written to Sir Hugh that "the friends of the Government will expect to be assisted with funds in the pending elections, and any amount which you

and your company will advance for that purpose shall be recouped to you."

How did the Liberals get hold of these incriminating documents? They paid five thousand dollars to a disgruntled secretary of Sir Hugh Allan's lieutenant, J. J. C. Abbott, who had stolen them from Abbott's office. The thief was also rewarded with a government job when the Liberals got into power.

Conservatives won the election of 1891 with the help of a similar theft. The Liberals' newspaper, The Globe, had lately hired as chief editorial writer one Edward Farrer. Before coming to the Globe Farrer had written a little pamphlet for private circulation (only a dozen copies were ever printed) suggesting a policy whereby the United States might force Canada to beg for annexation.

Proofs of the Farrer pamphlet were stolen by a printer and turned over to Sir John A. Macdonald, who revealed them at a mass meeting in Toronto and set going his campaign slogan against the "veiled treason" of the Liberals: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." He won the election.

If history should repeat itself verbatim, M. J. Coldwell would be the next Prime Minister of Canada.

BY THE TIME this item is published Canadian Civil Defense authorities will have completed an experiment that seems to have been unique, at least on this side of the Iron Curtain. They have been trying to find out how long a human being can survive, unscathed but without special clothing, if he is pinned in a shattered house in sub-zero weather.

They had to gamble on the weather, of *Continued on page 62*



Cartoon by Grassick



All-year geranium field



Fan palms by the Pacific



Spanish mission



Palomar Observatory



San Geronimo Pass



Acres of flowers, Palos Verdes

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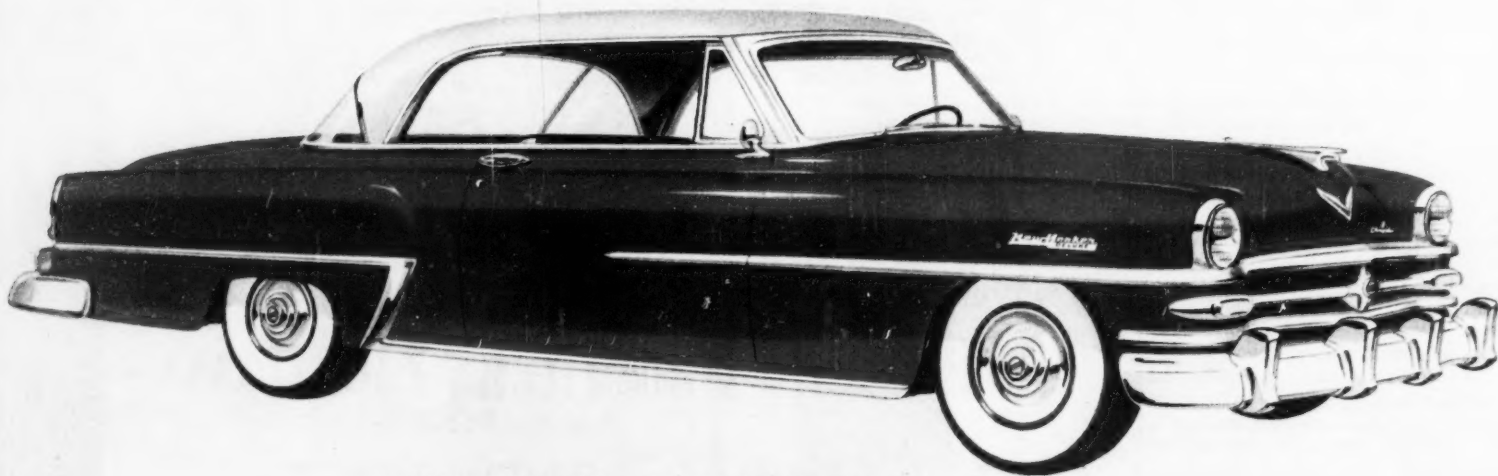
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The Crisis in EDUCATION

With shortages of teachers, schools and money the Canadian educational system is creaking toward chaos. But perhaps the biggest problem of all is deciding what kind of education our children need

A TORONTO newspaper recently observed that, in the days that lie immediately ahead, Canadians will be concerned not with the three Rs of education but with the three Cs—Crisis, Controversy and Confusion.

This is no overstatement. I have just completed a four-month study which brought me in contact with teachers, taxpayers and school officials all across Canada. I can report, to use the words of one teacher, that "we are resting in the momentary calm at the heart of an educational hurricane."

About two and a half million children now attend Canadian elementary and secondary schools. Each year we are spending five hundred million dollars on education; we have another five hundred millions invested in school land, buildings and furnishings. All of us are directly concerned as taxpayers, present and future, most of us also as parents.

Here are the storm signals of the impending hurricane:

► We need urgently another ten thousand teachers. By 1955 the shortage may reach twenty-five thousand. Even these grim figures don't tell the whole story. Of our ninety thousand teachers, there are fifty thousand whose education has not gone beyond grade eleven.

Low salaries are aggravating the teacher shortage. The average male Ottawa public-school teacher earned \$3,647 during 1951; the Toronto high-school principal and teacher averaged almost \$4,900. But in 1952 seventy-two percent of Prince Edward Island's teachers were getting under \$1,500.

► We're desperately short of classrooms—this despite an unprecedented \$141-million school-building program during 1951. The use of double, triple and even quadruple shifts, forty-pupil classrooms, basements and church halls, is not uncommon today.

► The schools are sorely plagued by financial worries. In Toronto the cost of educating a grade-one pupil has jumped from \$101 to \$226 in the past ten years; in Edmonton the per-pupil cost has risen from \$92.30 to \$194.01. Communities like Saskatoon are now spending sixty-one percent of their local revenue for education.

Most teachers and trustees favor federal aid as a solution to the schools' financial dilemma. In 1951 Alberta spent thirty-two dollars per capita on education and British Columbia spent thirty dollars; Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island spent only fourteen dollars each. "Why should children be penalized for being born in a poor province?" they ask.

► The problem of the separate schools still awaits settlement in various parts of Canada. In Ontario the Roman Catholics believe there is an unfair division of the education dollar. In British Columbia, all public funds have been withheld from Catholic schools, but in Newfoundland education is still along strictly denominational lines.

How good a job are our schools doing? Opponents of present trends have been rather loosely dubbed "traditionalists," while their opposite numbers are tagged as "progressives." Typical of the more choleric traditionalists is a Manitoba university professor who says "Modern pupils cannot read an article and understand it, cannot express ideas in written form, cannot spell, are lazy, discourteous, lacking in knowledge of everyday events."

Boiled down to its essence the criticism against our schools is: the three Rs are being neglected; there are too many "frills" like health education, music, social studies and gymnasia; there's too much emphasis on making school pleasant; there's too much concern with the child's physical, social and emotional development.

The progressives counterattack with equal vigor. The school today must compete for the child's interest with TV, comics, radio and the movies, they say. And, in their opinion, it is. Our schools are no longer catering to a select few—they have become truly "public" schools. In the last fifty years the population of Ottawa has doubled but the high-school enrollment has increased fourteen times.

Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, expresses the compromise view thus: "Terms such as progressive and traditionalist have been bandied about in a way that obscures the issues that urgently await our solutions . . . One must dispassionately examine both positions."

It was a former U. S. President who said, "Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom or justice can be permanently maintained." That then is the reason for this study. ★

Special Series of
Three Articles
begins on next page

THESE THINGS HINDER

1
Overzealous parents—and those who show no interest.

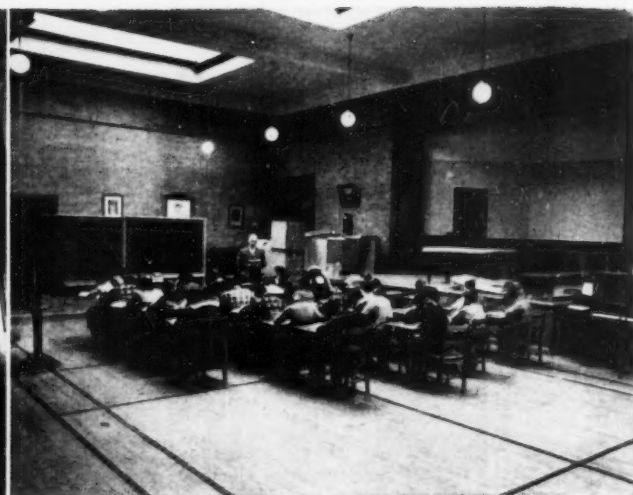
2
Overcrowding that leads to use of unsuitable quarters.

3
Outside interference that breaks class concentration.

4
A salary scale lower than most professional groups.



1 Interfering parents sometimes are convinced they know more about teaching than the teachers.



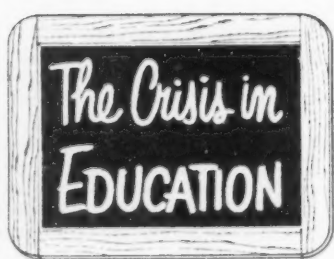
2 At Humber Heights, near Weston, Ont., class has to be held in gym because of crowding.



3 Lesson interruption for "worthwhile causes" adds up to a serious loss of teaching time.



4 J. R. Coulter, North Toronto Collegiate, makes extra money by marking matriculation papers.



By **SIDNEY KATZ**

PART **1**

THE TEACHERS

Unless urgent action is taken the nation will be short twenty-five thousand teachers within two years. And, among the teachers we've got now, thousands are nothing but glorified baby sitters

A TEACHER recently said that "high shoulder hunch" is the most prevalent disease in his profession. He explained that it is gradually developed by teachers "as they attempt to dodge criticism by pulling their necks in and raising their shoulders to protect their heads."

After a four-month survey of education in Canada I am not surprised this affliction is rampant, for it is the teacher who is the central figure in the storm now raging around education.

He is often confused and disturbed by his position. Businessmen, editorial writers, parents and others all have definite ideas on how our schools should be run and express themselves vigorously. "Everybody's an expert in education" is a teacher's aphorism. On the one hand he's told we're entrusting to him the most important job in Canada—molding our future citizens. Yet he often finds himself beset by poor working conditions—low pay, crowded classrooms, lack of opportunity for advancement.

What probably bothers him most is the lack of prestige accorded his profession. A study made a few years ago showed that ninety-seven percent of Canadian teachers felt their work was not sufficiently appreciated by the public. Too frequently the teacher is relegated to the status of community chore boy. The female teacher is often pictured as a prissy spinster; the male, an impractical nincompoop. Indeed, teachers wonder if the public regards teaching as a profession at all. "Many people think that as long as you love

THESE THINGS HELP

1 Teacher participation in school policy, planning.

2 Supply of modern aids like movies and records.

3 Best possible instruction in the teachers' colleges.

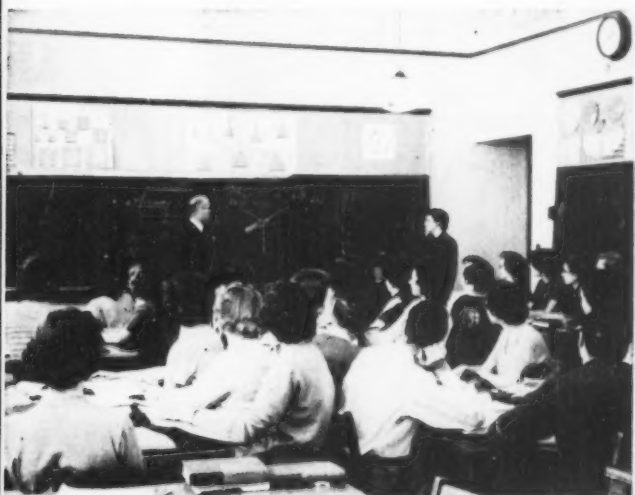
4 Greater personal freedom and higher public status.



1 At the Forest Hill West Preparatory, principal T. H. W. Salmon discusses plans with teachers.



2 Visual-aid equipment is tops. Jeane Corbin's class at Cedarvale sees a natural-history film.



3 Prof. W. Eric Hodgson takes a class of teacher trainees at the University of Alberta's school.



4 Humber Heights teachers and friends enjoy party. Teachers elsewhere have been fired for smoking.

children you can teach," says Dr. Ken Argue, professor of education, University of British Columbia. He adds acridly, "Dogs love children."

Let's take a look at the teacher shortage. Our unwise short-term methods used to solve it—past and present—have spawned many of the evils of education.

We are short eleven thousand teachers. By 1955 the shortage will exceed twenty-five thousand. In Newfoundland a thousand school-age children remain at home. In the prairies, thousands are taught only by correspondence. To keep the schools open, school boards have hastily recruited an assortment of unqualified men and women. There are at least eleven thousand of these substitutes in classrooms today. Some are immature teen-agers, high-school failures with no teacher training. Others have had a brief six-week "cram" course. "These people are masquerading as teachers," says Dr. M. E. LaZerte, dean emeritus of education, University of Alberta. One sixteen-year-old girl "teacher" in Quebec spent most of her classroom time reading love pulp magazines, while the children amused themselves by playing games or drawing. When her dates interfered with her job she closed the school.

These makeshift teachers have varying titles, but they usually have one thing in common: an inability to give their pupils a good education. A county superintendent near Fredericton, N.B., told me, "In the long run, I think it would be better to shut down the schools entirely." A high-school

principal in the Tisdale, Sask., area says, "After a 'study supervisor' has been in charge of an elementary school for a few years you find that none of its graduates go on to high school." "They're not teachers, they're baby sitters," says Tom Parker, of the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union. Half of that province's children are receiving instruction from this type of substandard teacher.

Unqualified old people are sometimes given teaching jobs. An Ontario school employed a man of eighty-seven, whose certificate was dated 1897 and who hadn't taught for thirty years.

The prestige of the teaching profession has further been lowered by the policies of most of our provincial normal schools. These training centres produce elementary-school teachers—about eighty-five percent of our total teaching force. (High-school teachers are college graduates who take an additional one year of special training at a university school of education.) To fill the empty classrooms the normal schools have virtually abandoned all attempts at screening prospective teachers. One deputy minister of education told me, "We take everybody. If you haven't got a criminal record and if you haven't been certified by a psychiatrist—you're in." The vice-principal of a normal school in one of the Maritime provinces says, "No questions are asked if a person walks in and says she wants to teach." That was the same school where the nurse described some of the students as having nervous twitches, being emotionally unstable, and being "too shy to look you

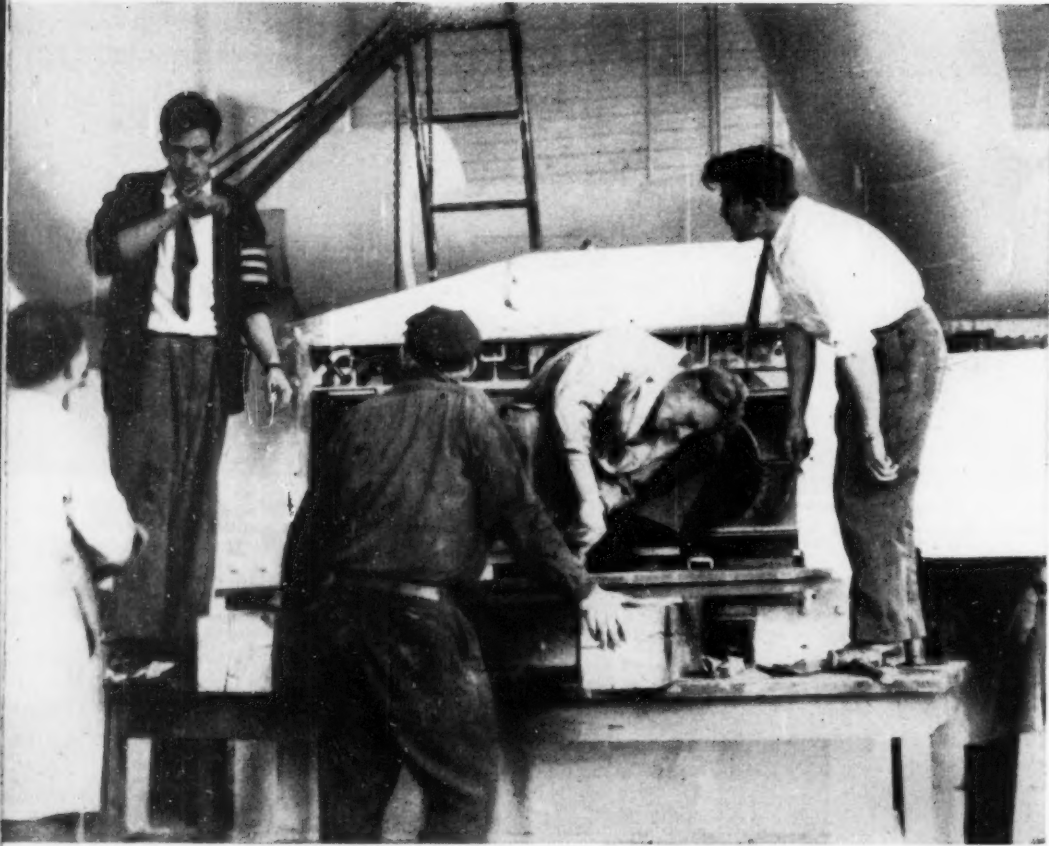
straight in the face when they had to talk to you."

Academic as well as personal qualifications for admission have been lowered. In the past you needed at least eight senior matriculation subjects to enroll at an Ontario normal school; now you need only five. Only fifty percent of the students at British Columbia Normal School have their complete senior matriculation, which once was insisted upon. Graduation from the normal school is just about as easy as admission. An official of an eastern normal school told me, "I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of students I've flunked in the last five years."

Such slipshod methods have discouraged many good people from becoming teachers. In one of the Maritimes normal schools the average IQ was several points below the scores made by first year university students; some were in the 80s, which would make them "dull normals." In a revealing study in Alberta two groups of students were compared: those taking the one-year course to become elementary-school teachers and those taking the university course to become high-school teachers (bachelor of education degree). Half the one-year students had IQs below that of the weakest bachelor of education candidate. In tests of the one-year student's ability to understand basic principles, generalizations and rules, the average score was only eighteen percent. Yet this is the field in which they expect to lead others within a year," comments the report. An Alberta normal school instructor *Continued on page 54*

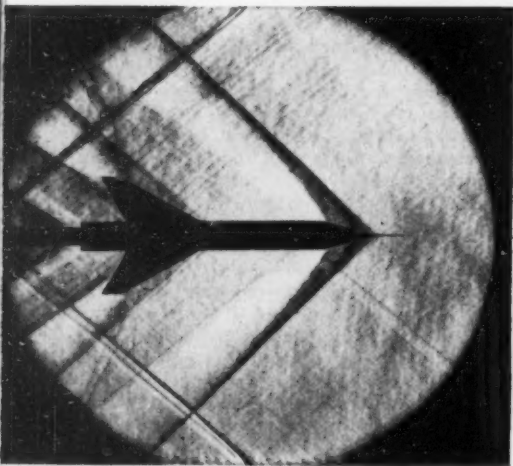
JERRY BULL

BOY ROCKET SCIENTIST

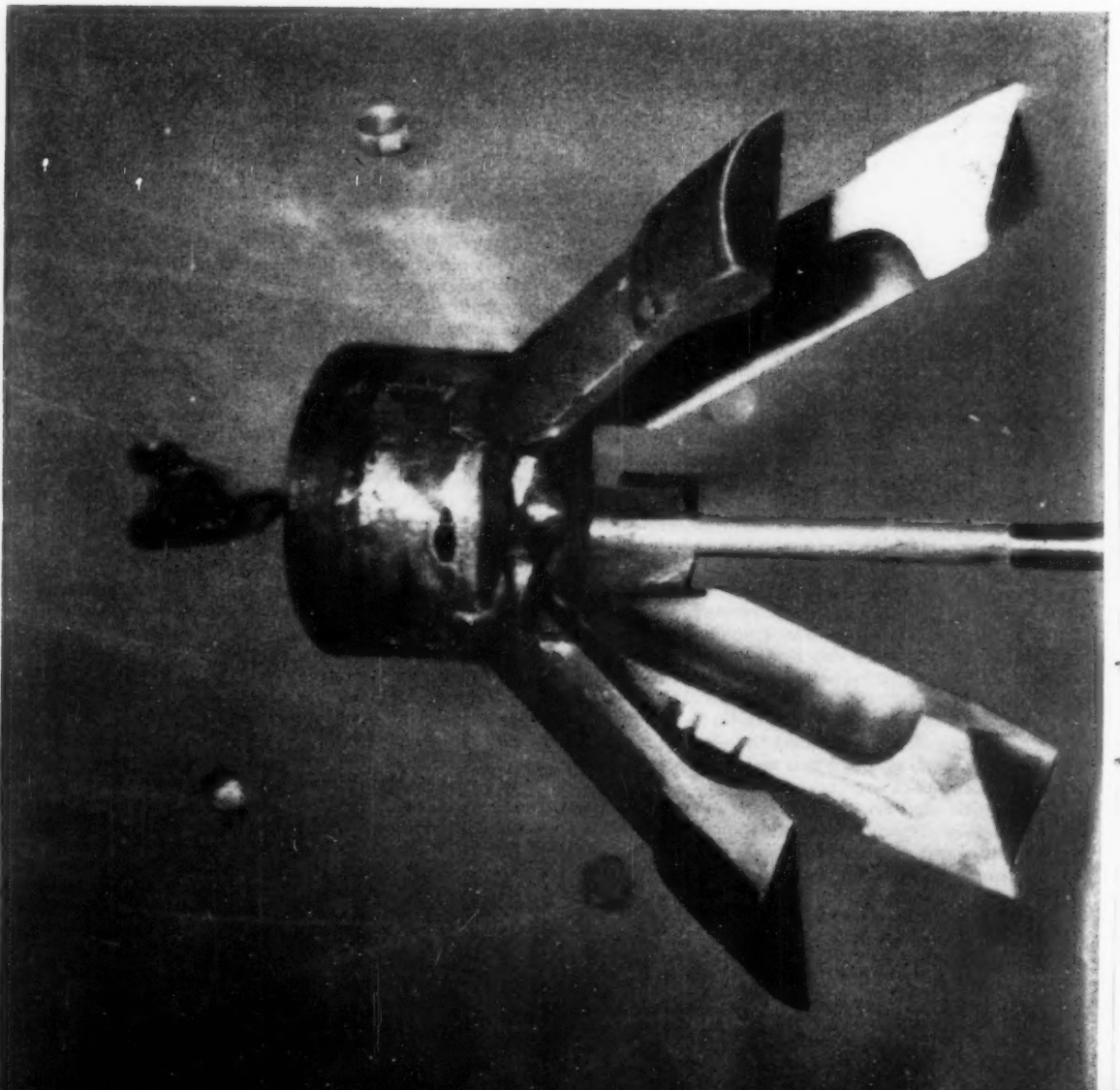


Bull (standing at left) and associates work on the two-hundred-thousand-dollar wind tunnel for supersonic tests at Downsview, Ont. The big project took the team eighteen months to complete.

In the Downsview tunnel wind at twice the speed of sound screams past this stationary missile model; the shadows caught by the camera are shock waves.



In the act of freeing itself from its sabot carrier this pencil-like missile is traveling at fourteen hundred feet per second. Jerry Bull's current task is the designing of the missile itself.





At twenty-four
Dr. Gerald V. Bull looks
almost as young as a
Buck Rogers fan or an embryo
space cadet. But for him
the fantastic world of
guided missiles
and sound barriers
has already come true

By FRED BODSWORTH

WHEN four scientists from Canada's Defense Research Board visited Washington in March 1951 Canadian liaison officials held a cocktail party to introduce them to U. S. experts engaged in similar research. An American scientist's wife, bored with the highly technical discussions, sized up a spectacularly youthful-looking member of the Canadian party and settled down beside him for a less scholarly conversation. After a few minutes the woman's husband joined them and introduced the Canadian as "Dr. Bull."

The woman stared at the Canadian. "Dr. Bull!" she exclaimed. "You can't be a scientist too? You're only a baby!"

Dr. Gerald Vincent Bull's boyish face would pass him off in any after-four soda-fountain crowd as just another high-school student, but he has already won a spot in the upper echelon of Canada's defense scientists.

Jerry Bull — he is twenty-four and doesn't look that — is DRB's chief aerodynamicist at its Canadian Armament Research and Development Establishment (CARDE for short, pronounced "cardy") near Valcartier, north of Quebec City. He ranks among Canada's leading experts in supersonic aerodynamics — the science newer and more baffling than atomic

science which is studying the problem of shock waves and resistance produced when flight speeds approach the velocity of sound.

His job at CARDE is one of several hush-hush assignments out of which Canada hopes to develop its own version of a guided missile which, together with British and U. S. models, may in a few years crowd conventional piloted warplanes into obsolescence and bring push-button warfare and even space travel only a step away.

The project is a vast and highly organized effort in which scores of scientists at CARDE and at other undisclosed points are working. On the team are electronic experts, rocket-propulsion engineers, explosive experts, aerodynamicists, and physicists.

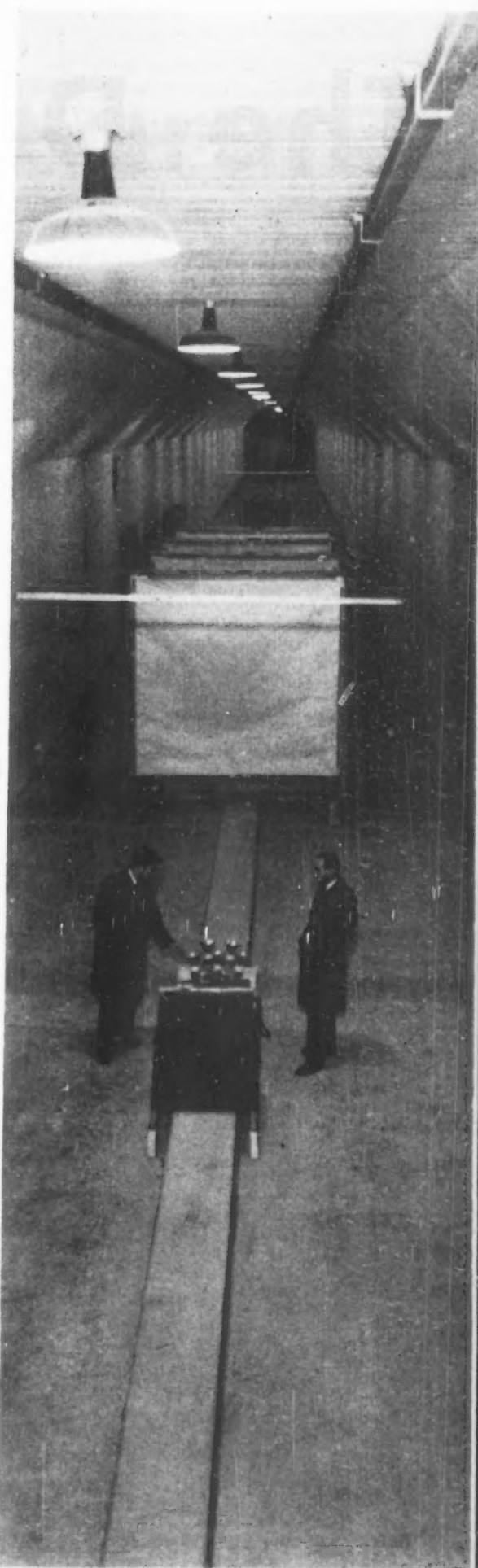
Jerry Bull's contribution is the missile's aerodynamic design, the first of many problems to be solved. Bull has to give "the bird," as the missile is known, a body, wings and control fins which will provide stability and precise manoeuvrability at speeds faster than that of a rifle bullet. Its design will have to overcome the shock waves of explosive force which bar the transition zone between subsonic and supersonic speeds. And, buffeted by these shock waves, it will still have to possess instantaneous response to its steering fins, for, even at the relatively slow missile speed of a thousand miles an hour, a time lag of one second in steering response could mean that it would be a quarter of a mile off course. Its control surfaces must act with the same instantaneous precision at slow take-off speeds and at top supersonic speed, in high thin air or at hedge-hopping altitude, with a full fuel load or at the end of its flight when it is little more than a hollow shell with only its deadly warhead left. Finally, the problem of surface friction heat which at high speeds can melt metals must be solved by a combination of aerodynamic and metallurgic research.

The guided missile will decide the balance of air power within the next decade or two. Aircraft speeds and performance have continued to improve but pilots have remained flesh and blood, and the time is rapidly approaching when human pilots will no longer be able to react fast enough to control supersonic planes.

"Before planes are improved much more we'll have to eliminate the pilot," says Bull. "And when you've done that you have a guided missile."

A guided missile is simply a bomb with stubby wings that flies itself and can be controlled by radar from the ground or from a nearby mother plane. When perfected, guided missiles will be launched from one plane against another, from air to ground, from ground to air or from ship to shore. If the target tries evasive tactics, the missile will change course and trail its target like a bloodhound. It will drop unerringly on ground targets without warning, moving so fast that

Continued on page 45



Bull (left) and his thirty-six-year-old boss Gordon Watson inspect the CARDE firing range.

The Dumbest Cluck

For centuries the hen has been trying to raise a family—only to have her eggs eaten for breakfast. She gobbles super foods to grow up faster—and ends up in the oven quicker. The only way she gets even is by ruining tired businessmen who run off to the country to raise chickens



THE biggest part of one of the biggest industries in the world is supported by a game old female with skinny legs, a big bottom, flat feet and a look of indignation—the hen. She does more than her old man, because she not only makes a good meal, but does something he can't do—lay eggs. But, not to distinguish between the sexes, the chicken provides Canada with almost four billion eggs and close to three hundred million pounds of meat a year at a total value of more than a quarter of a billion dollars. The wholesale merchandising alone of poultry products in Canada involves more than fifteen hundred organizations of packers, shippers and brokers.

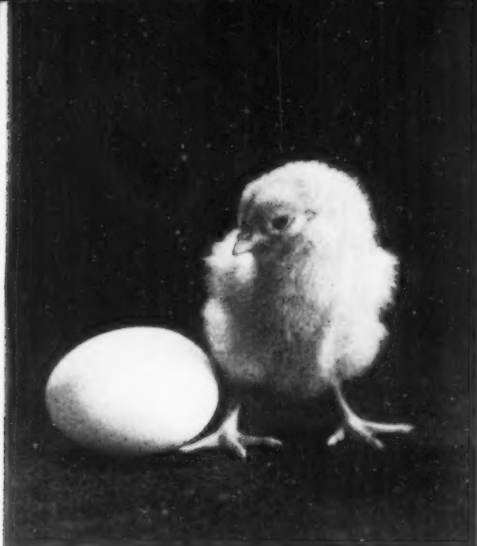
The chicken has clucked and crowed its way to a high perch in the economic life of man. Its meat is so good that it's usually reserved for festivals. Its eggs contain most of the vitamins for complete nutrition, poached, boiled, scrambled or raw, or submerged in ten thousand kitchen compounds from *wiener schnitzel* to layer cake.

Apart from being eaten its eggs are used as culture media in growing bacteria and developing viruses, as an ingredient of paints, varnishes, tanning, photography and textile dyeing supplies, soaps, shampoos and bookbinding. Chicken feathers are used for hats, pillows, cushions, mattresses, dusters and clothes and someone is now working on how to make soup out of them. The chicken has become so symbolic of good times and money in the bank that it provided the U. S. Republican Party with its campaign slogan for 1932, "A chicken in every pot." It has taught man he shouldn't count his chickens before they're hatched, that his wife is sometimes no chicken, that he sometimes looks like a wet hen, acts like a mother hen, thinks like a dumb cluck, gets his feathers ruffled; that anyone who tries to wring Britain's neck will find her some chicken, and that, in spite of his philosophical pretensions, he still doesn't know which came first, the chicken or the egg.

On ordinary weekdays, the chicken has its finest roost in man's imagination. A "nice little chicken farm in the country," the little man's bid for financial security and independence, has become the North American version of Utopia. More men have tried to escape reality by hiding out in the country with a hen than with movie stars in Mexican motels. Most of them, in both cases, have ended up disillusioned.

The elopements start when a man begins ogling a hen and thinking: "If a good hen raises twenty chicks in a season, why, next year, her family will all raise twenty more each, making 420; which will parlay into 8,400 the third year, b'gosh: 168,000 the fourth, and 3,360,000 the fifth, which, at only fifty cents a bird, figures out at \$1,680,000."

Even roosters get as mad as a wet hen if you talk



on the Farm

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

The man decides that all that will then be left to do is hire a manager, buy a home in Coral Gables and send the hens cards every Christmas.

But either the hen dies and the poor guy loses \$1,680,000, or she lives and sends him back to the city, broke, baggy-eyed and wishing he'd never set eyes on her. One man can't look after more than a thousand birds, and that takes him twelve to fourteen hours a day, including Sundays and holidays. If he hires someone to help, unless he's an experienced operator who knows the poultry business from beak to bustle, the hired help makes more money than the owner.

In the meantime the hen is doing a lot of things to break up the honeymoon. She has more fads in food than a fat lady and has to have her meals right on time or she gets huffy and won't lay. If she's neglected she gets slatternly, turns into an old bag and sits around in dirty old feathers scratching herself. She never stops talking. Her idea of a man is someone who works like a dog. On top of all that, she'll let herself get picked up by anyone who comes along, including such smooth characters as foxes, hawks, skunks, weasels and rats.

She's full of troubles. She has trouble with her digestion, catches colds, consumption, cramps, develops worms, lice, erysipelas, cholera, leucosis, Newcastle disease, and everything but tight shoes. She complains bitterly if she's left alone and has to have the company of at least five other hens, yet she will peck at a friend's tail until it's bare. She's cannibalistic and, if she draws blood, her girl friends will join in and the four of them will eat the fifth, without even stopping to phone their husbands that they're staying for another rubber. She has such a set of nerves that she constantly borders on hysteria. She'll go into a flap so fast that experienced farmers always whistle and rap at the door of the chicken coop before going in. If a stranger is along, the farmer leaves the visitor outside while he goes in and tells the hens he brought somebody home with him.

A hen's nerves are one of the headaches in chicken raising. A flock will panic in a matter of seconds and pile so deep in a corner that the ones underneath often suffocate. One night a skunk got into a coop on a farm near Omamee, Ont., through a small trap door that dropped shut and locked him in. Next morning the farmer found two hundred of four hundred chickens piled up in one corner dead. The other two hundred huddled in the opposite corner. The skunk was sound asleep in one of the nests, too full to escape.

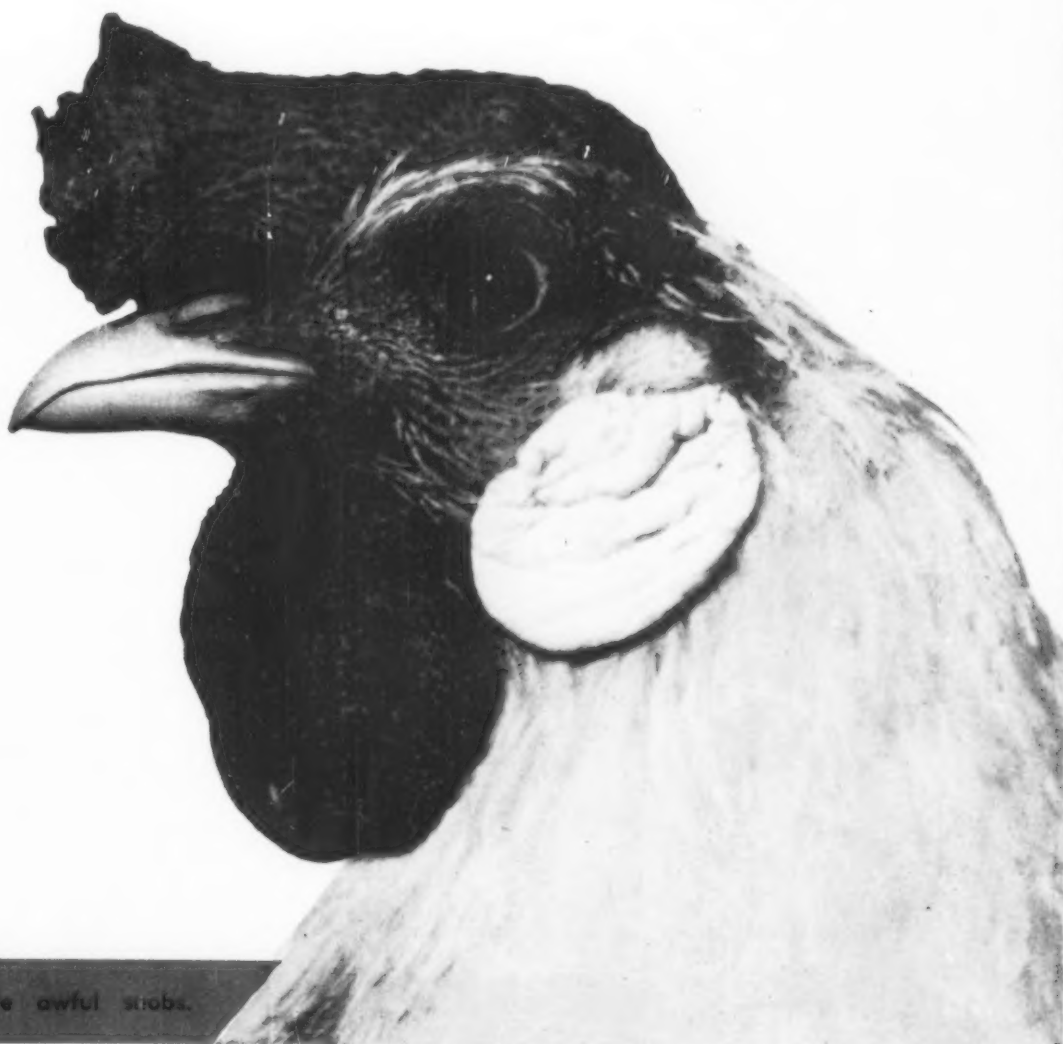
The same farmer lost fifty of four hundred chickens by panic one night when the chickens were frightened by a cloth ventilating door blowing down.

In a big commercial poultry farm, where birds are raised in flocks of ten thousand or more to a pen, panic can result in a terrifying rush of twenty tons of living flesh that will shake a huge building as if it were hit by an earthquake. The profits from a whole flock can be wiped out in one terrifying minute.

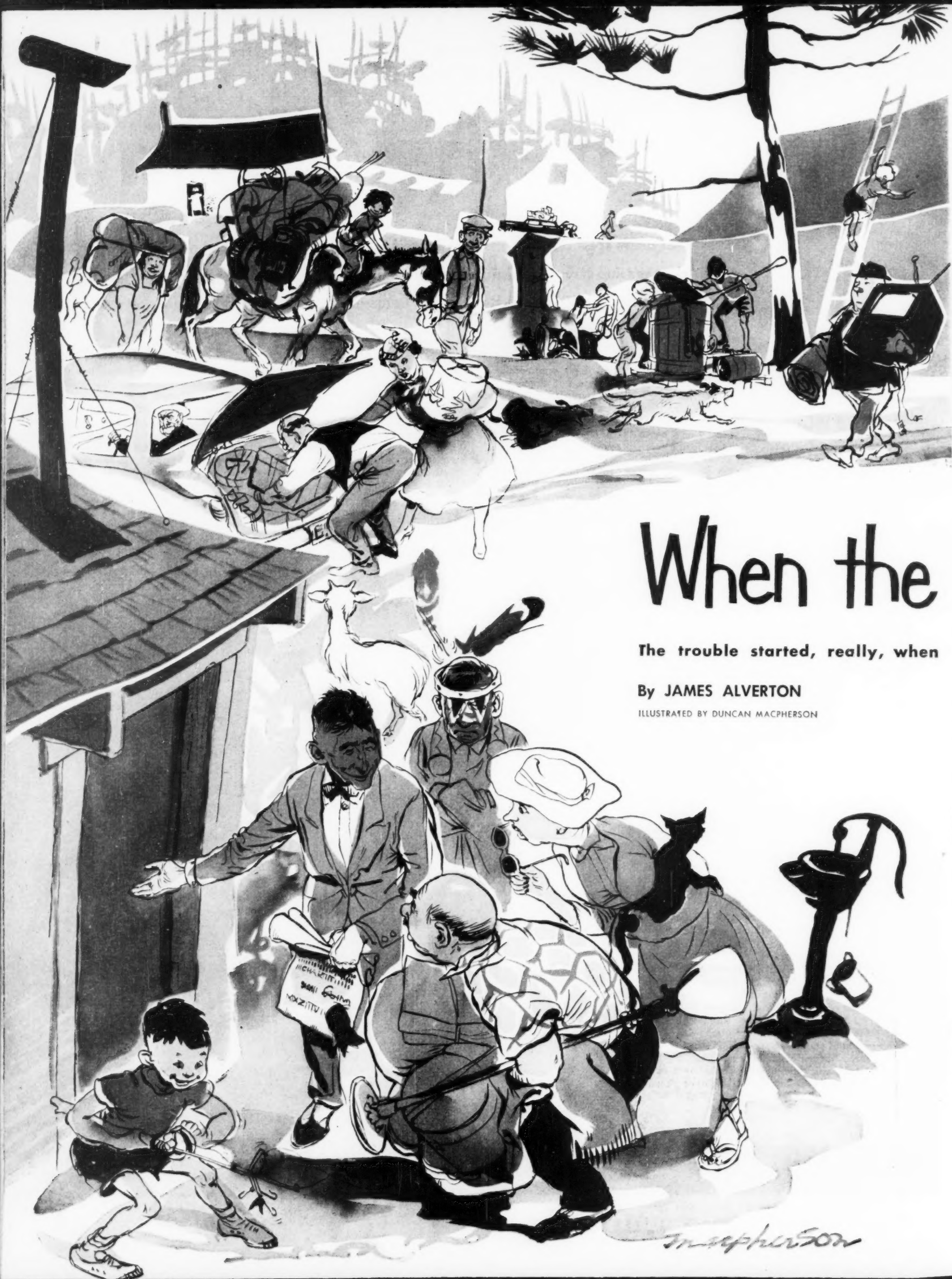
Undeveloped chickens known in the trade as "runts" are one of the commonest causes of panic. The runt, living amid a flock of hens, leads the life of a short man caught in a girdle sale, getting batted around, pecked and elbowed up the aisle until one dull day he says to hell with it and starts running as fast as he can go. He races between the legs of the hens. One of them who

is dozing and thinking of her complaints, lets out a "WhoooooOOOPS!" and the runt goes faster, knowing that he's in for it. He ends up going so fast the hens can't quite make out what he is and all start shrieking that Marge got jumped by a rat and the whole flock panics. Whenever a poultryman can catch a runt, which in a big flock is very seldom, he wrings his neck on the spot.

Although the hen has dozens of tricks to ruin a man who doesn't treat her right, she's a pushover for anyone who pays her enough attention and knows how to play on her emotions. Of all farm stock, she responds quickest to attention. She'll clean herself up, and if medicine, such as the sulfa drugs, is shot to her *Continued on page 51*



about their deplorable IQs. The truth is, they're awful stobs.

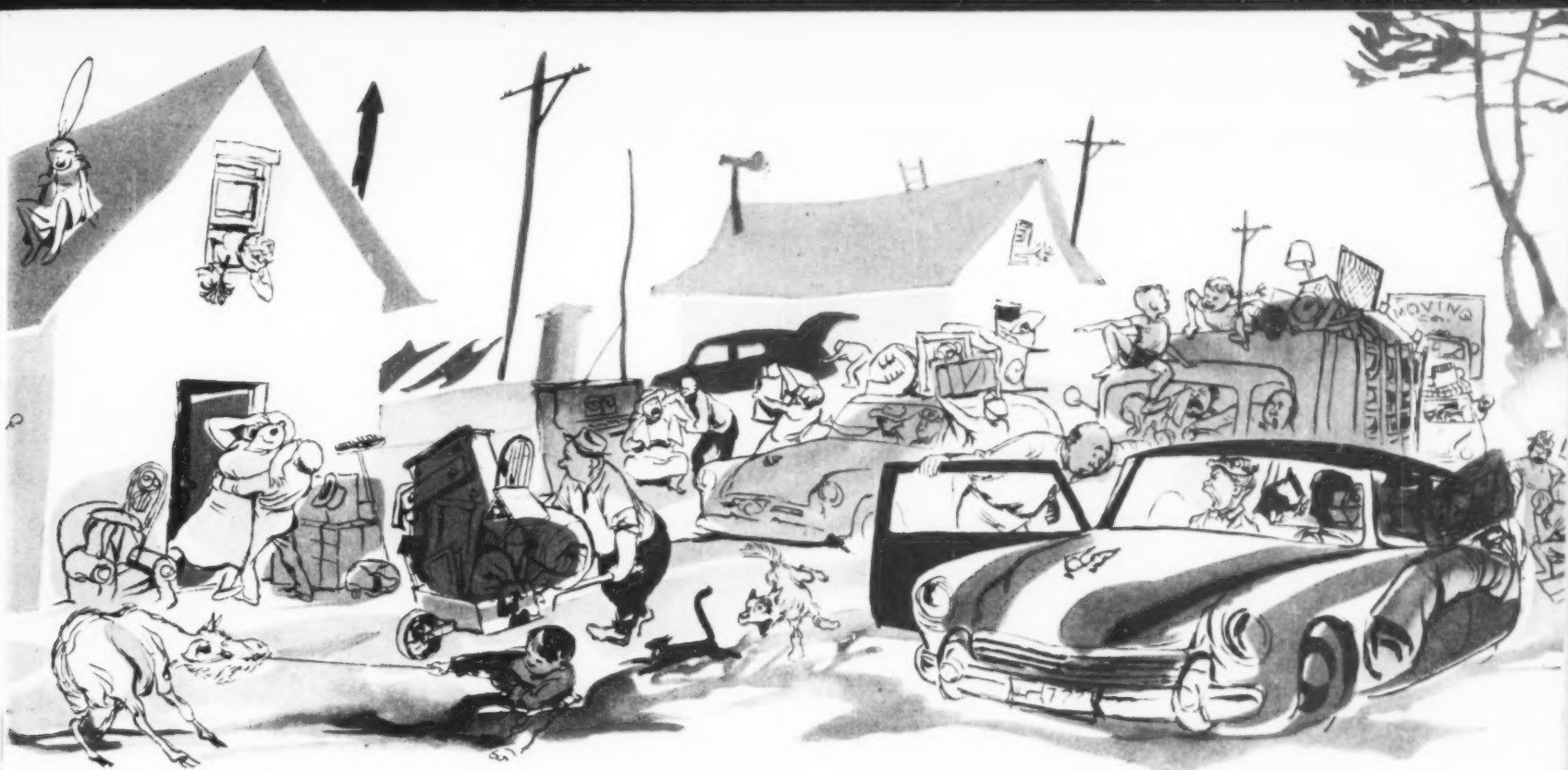


When the T

The trouble started, really, when

By JAMES ALVERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



Skootamata gave the palefaces until 6 p.m. to clear out of town.

Redskins took over Twiggeville

Skootamata went to college and turned up a yellowed treaty that soon turned the town upside down

IT'S ABOUT time somebody told the real story of the Twiggeville affair. Maybe you remember, for a lot of it got into the newspapers and it sure stirred up a fuss, but there was plenty more that wasn't printed.

Feeny McCausland is the name. Citizen of Twiggeville. Got a bit of a coal and lumber yard which is moderately prosperous, although with taxes here and taxes there and . . . Well, that's got nothing to do with this story.

I was just looking over some back numbers of the city papers and see that most of what was printed about the Twiggeville affair was that the Indians up here got a bit shirty with us Twiggevillians over a parcel of land.

A parcel of land, indeed!

Brother, there was a lot more. A whole lot more.

It takes us back to about five years, a June day—the 13th to be exact, and it wasn't what you'd call a lucky number either. Anyway it was a fine, bright sunny day. Nothing much doing in Twiggeville. Usually isn't.

Around noon I happened to drop into the office of Noren Kendrick, who was the mayor, furniture merchant and undertaker for the town. I'd heard that Sam Hilton who runs a rival lumber yard was trying to unload some shoddy stuff on the School Board for the new school at top quality prices. A sharp trader Sam, and I figured that Noren being a friend of mine maybe I could show him how the town could save some money by dealing with me.

Noren and me were getting along real fine on the matter when Agnes Seeley, his secretary who looks like something left overlong in a dusty attic, burst in on us. She was screaming fit to burst. "Indians! The Indians are here!"

Noren and me looked up, no little surprised. "Calm yourself Aggie," said he smiling. "Tell 'em we don't need any scalps today."

That Noren is a real card, even at funerals.

Aggie collapsed, sniffing, into a chair.

Before we could say another word there was a shuffling of feet at the door and when we looked over we forgot all about Aggie and her hysterics.

Walking tall and proud into the room came Albert Skootamata, Chief of the Mazinaws—which is our local tribe of Indians—and behind him was half a dozen of his braves.

Noren gulped. My chin dropped and by the time I had picked it up Skootamata and his bucks were gathered about Noren's desk.

The Indians had on their best town clothes—blue serge suits, plaid shirts and moccasins. It was on top, though, that brought the big shock,

for instead of the usual old felt hats or tweed peak caps the bucks wore feathers in their hair and on their cheeks was honest-to-God warpaint—red, blue and yellow, like you see in a horse-opera movie. All except Skootamata, that is, who was mighty sharp in a new gabardine summer suit and brown suede shoes.

"What's this," roared Noren, pounding the desk, "a circus? What do you mean by bustin' in here and scarin' the livin' daylights out of Miss Seeley? What . . ."

"Oh shut up, Noren!" Skootamata spoke sharply. His men grinned and nudged each other.

"We've come to take over," Skootamata went on.

"You've what?" said Noren.

"You heard me," replied Skootamata. "We're moving into Twiggeville. The whole Mazinaw tribe. My people."

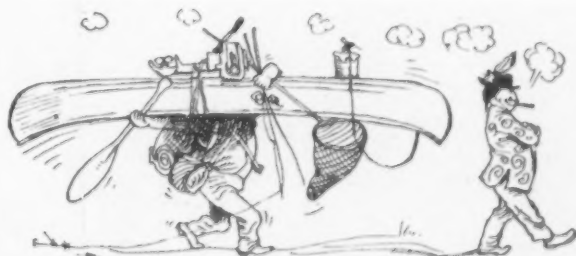
"Hey, you're drunk," I shouted. "Get back to the reservation right quick or we'll call . . ."

"The cops," finished Skootamata. "Quiet, you! Our business is with Mayor Kendrick."

The chief flicked back his gabardine sleeve and glanced at the gold watch on his wrist. "Twelve fifteen," he murmured. "Well, no point in you gentlemen attempting to call the constabulary. It's too late. My men have them securely locked up in the jail by now."

At that announcement one of Skootamata's

Continued on page 30



In keeping with the switchover, Feeny was No. 1 guide.



At McGill University, Arthur Lismer, the Group of Seven painter, teaches a new course: these girls will learn to teach children the art of being creative.



This great illuminated cross on top of Mount Royal is the best known of Montreal's landmarks.

Karsh's Montreal

To an artist with a camera, Montreal is a rich fusion of the grave and the gay, the florid and the drab. But most of all it is

A City with a Heart

YOUSUF KARSH, who is becoming almost as well known as a critic of Canadian food as he is an interpreter of Canadian features, had nothing but good will for a city where dining is not a means to an end but an end in itself. Fortified by Bollinger *brut* '43, from the famous wine cellar of the Ritz-Carlton hotel, Karsh came to feel that the great city itself had some of the qualities of good wine: age, mellowness, sparkle and constant surprise.

"It is an exciting city," Karsh remarked soon after his arrival, and he went on to prove it in these pictures, which range all the way from painter Arthur Lismer and his new McGill course in creative teaching to a group of Glasgow merchant seamen raising their glasses in the famous eighty-year-old Joe

Beef tavern on the waterfront. Lismer, who is teaching third-year co-eds how to teach others, made a quick pencil sketch of Karsh, showing the shiny dome of his head poised above his Rolleiflex. The seamen cheerfully posed after Karsh ordered beer for the house. Hearing he worked for Maclean's they asked for two more free rounds which Karsh was happy to order for them.

Though the contrasts here are perhaps greater than Karsh found anywhere else in Canada, he did not see Montreal as a city split into two racial compartments. He found it an amicable if worldly town where two races dovetail neatly together and where, if the inclinations of the flesh are indulged, the needs of the heart and of the spirit are never neglected.

In the Crown and Sceptre Tavern established in 1870 by Charles McKiernan, better known as Joe Beef, some Glasgow merchant seamen have a beer on Yousuf Karsh.

Karsh Takes Montreal's Pulse and Finds It Healthy



BONSOIR! In La Maissonette Carol, diners are entertained by this *disease* who sings French, Guadeloupe and Martinique *patois* and speaks Egyptian Arabic.



BON SANTE! Old wine from Ritz-Carlton cellars and new onions from the Bonsecours market are Karsh's way of symbolizing fine cuisine he found in Montreal restaurants.



BON VOYAGE! At the end of Victoria pier, Karsh made this photograph of the waterfront with Bonsecours, the sailors' church, rising in the background.



As part of Young Canada's Book Week, Mayor Houde receives a delegation of his younger citizens whom he treats as equals and with utter seriousness. Here he answers a question from John Hérard, aged four.

A Mayor and his People

Yousuf Karsh chooses the Falstaffian figure of Camillien Houde to symbolize the human contrasts in a worldly yet pious city

WHEN the Karshs arrived unannounced in the office of Mayor Camillien Houde, his Worship was characteristically receiving a group of gourmets, for it was the week of *Les Amis d'Escoffier*. The mayor immediately turned a limousine and two chauffeurs (one French-speaking, one English-speaking) over to the photographer and asked him to make an appointment later in the week. "You arrange it with my secretary," he said. "He is my jockey. I only run." Karsh signed the golden book and then proceeded to photograph Houde's people: a bank president (the Bank of Montreal of course), a *diseuse* from Paris, a group of children playing at church-going, and a worker in an aircraft plant. This accomplished, he returned

to the city hall to photograph the mayor.

Karsh, who describes Houde as "an artist as well as a politician," was greatly attracted to the ebullient mayor who got off some typical Houdisms as these pictures were being taken:

ON WESTMOUNT: "All of the people of Westmount (Montreal's wealthy English-speaking residential district) become Montrealers when they go to New York. But when they come back here they are Westmounters again."

ON MUNICIPAL RELATIONS: "The suburbs come to us and they say: 'We contribute a lot to you.' We tell them, 'Yes—you contribute all the fires and we put them out for you.'"

AND ON HIMSELF: "I am a *sanguin nerveux* (literally: 'a nervous blood').

They all tell me it is terrible. I knew that—but I didn't know *they* knew it."

The Karshs left Houde's office with the impression of a remarkably knowledgeable and sensitive man. The self-educated mayor instantly tabbed Solange Karsh as the namesake of a character in a little-known book, *Les Bouffons* by Miguel Zamacois. And when Yousuf Karsh told him how he photographed the great Finnish composer Sibelius, he noticed tears spring into Houde's eyes. Karsh felt the mayor fitted perfectly into the cosmopolitan Montreal scene: "He is perfectly enamored of his own city," he reported. "He believes in it. In his love for Montreal he is completely sincere." Karsh says he too experienced a similar emotion.

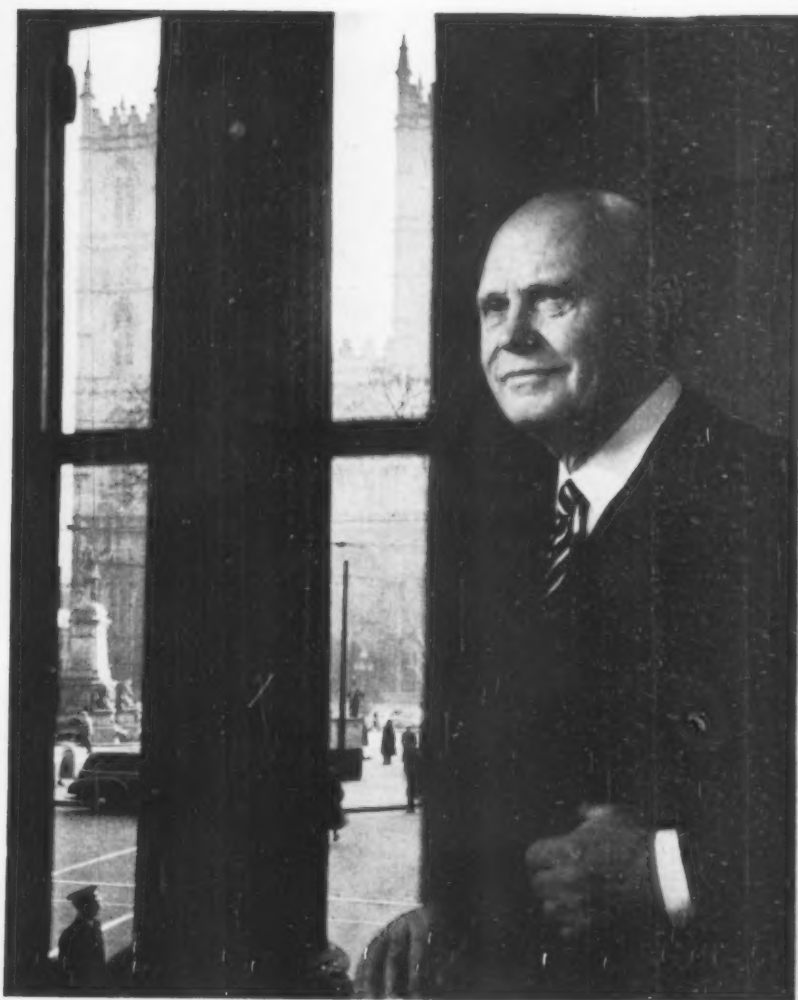


Gaiety

In *Le Continental*, a good-looking Parisian **débutante** of mixed bloods sings for a packed Montreal audience and runs the gamut of an amazing series of expressions.

Piety

In the **quartier** of St. Henri, which Gabrielle Roy enshrined in her novel, *Bonheur d'Occasion*, Karsh came on this group of Canadian boys and girls playing at church, as other children might play at home, telling rosaries, clasping hands in prayer, singing canticles, much as their parents do in the churches of Montreal.



Finance

Bertie Charles Gardner, president of the country's oldest bank, looks out over St. James Street where Maisonneuve's statue and Notre Dame church stand sentinel. In picture below, a worker at the great Canadair plant begins to entangle the complex entrails of a jet.

Industry





The Body and The Soul

In Montreal, some of the world's greatest doctors and divines tread separate pathways in their quest to heal the ailing spirit of mankind

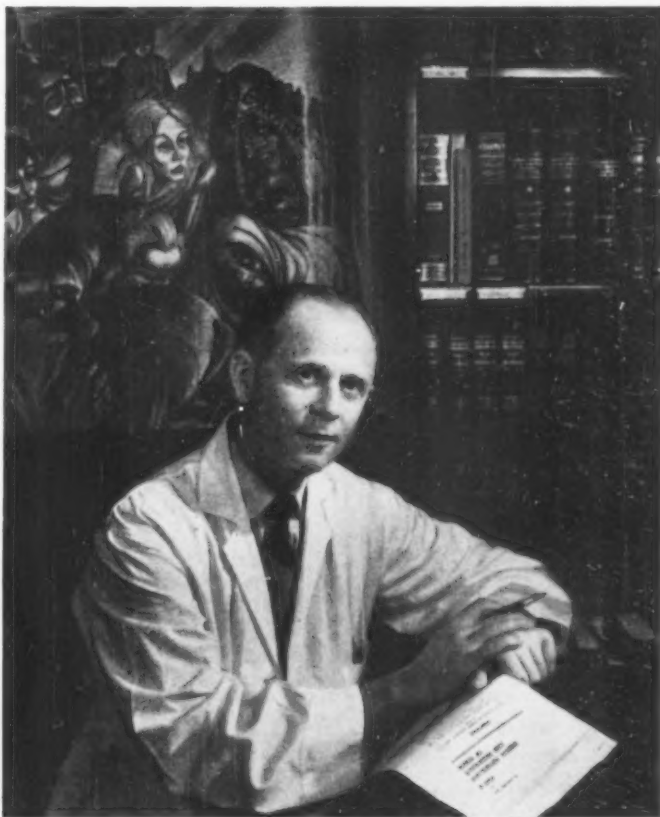
AT THE moment when Karsh made the compelling human portrait on the left, two great scientists dedicated to the preservation of human life had just been reminded that in the end their ancient adversary, death, must always win. Their favorite orderly, a veteran of a quarter century's service in the famous Montreal Neurological Institute, had just collapsed and died of a heart ailment that neither he nor any of his colleagues knew he had. Dr. Wilder Penfield, O.M., and his colleague Dr. William Cone, two of the world's greatest neurologists, looked up from their microscopes and, with their post-graduate students grouped behind them, contemplated momentarily the eternal mysteries which have occupied their lives.

The portraits on these pages all have to do with the spirit of man. Penfield and Cone approach the problem through man's mind and their enquiries into the human brain have made them world famous. Dr. Hans Selye, whose "stress" theory has also made him internationally renowned, has explored the spirit through the body, for if it is under any kind of stress, he says, the spirit can never be at rest.

Msgr. Olivier Maurault, the cheerful Sulpician father who is rector of the great Université de Montréal, approaches the spirit through the soul. And in this vibrant yet saintly man, Karsh again caught something of the spirit of Montreal: "As a Catholic," he said, "the monseigneur is as ancient as his creed; but as a Canadien he is as intensely alive as the great city in which he lives."



The priest is occupied with the soul. Monseigneur Maurault is also an historian, scholar and fellow of the Royal Society.



The scientist is occupied with the body. Dr. Selye poses before the frontispiece for his book on human stresses.

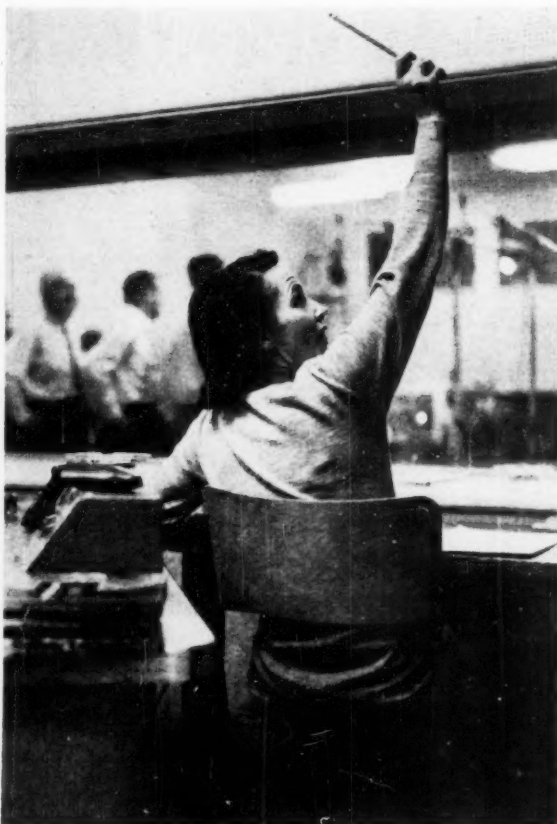
◀ Two world-famous brain specialists ponder the news that an old friend has been carried off by an ancient enemy.

By TRENT FRAYNE

The neighbors who

Don Wright, London, Ont., sorted out fourteen fellow citizens who liked to sing, touched them with his magic baton, and then from his spare room rose the rich close harmony that carries his name from coast to coast

PHOTOS BY H. W. TETLOW



Mrs. Wright gives husband go-ahead in studio.

Don begins conducting with typical informality.



Wrights' children share two horses. From left: Timothy, 14, Patrick, 10, Priscilla, 12. Portrait of grandfather Arthur Meighen hangs in house.



ANYTIME seven housewives take off their shoes and gather around a piano to sing harmony with a fuel-oil salesman, an assistant plant manager, a dispatcher, two male schoolteachers, a shoe salesman and an advertising executive, most lease-conscious hosts will wedge the cork back into the bottle and trust the neighbors aren't trying to sleep anyway.

There's a host named Don Wright, in London, Ont., however, who twice each week invites precisely this assortment into his home and implores them to do nothing but sing. The result of his exhortations is a mixed chorus that is one of Canada's most popular radio shows.

When the Don Wright Chorus kicks off its footwear, as most of the fourteen choristers do every Sunday night when they sing over the CBC's Dominion network, Wright has no concern for the lease. His air billet has extended from coast to coast for six years and as yet there has been no hint that anyone wants to evict him.

Aside from the quality of the sounds it makes, Wright's chorus is not much different from any other group that likes to wander down by the old mill stream. None of the singers is a professional in the strict sense and only Frank Rockwood, tenor, and Marg Adams, contralto, would be likely to get past the wings of the concert stage. The essential difference between this group and the ones that bring withering correspondence from landlords is Don Wright, whose own voice can barely grope from one end of an octave to the other but who has such a varied and thorough background in music that his ingenious arrangements can make the voices of fourteen other people sound like a velvety forty.

Wright has written three textbooks for the training of youthful voices which his Canadian publisher, Gordon V. Thompson, of Toronto, describes as sensational. The books have had a remarkable success in the United States and are

moving well in England. Publisher Thompson estimates that the first book has sold fifty thousand copies and says the other two books are following the same course.

The fourteen voices of the Wright chorus span an improbable four-octave range and, because of this, must be blended carefully by Wright in his arrangements so that they will appeal to a broad segment of listeners and not to an esoteric few. As director of a commercial program—the chorus is now in its fourth season of sponsorship by the Westinghouse company—Wright seeks to appease the maximum with a minimum of musical clichés. He can and has played almost every musical instrument and he regards the sounds made by his chorus, which is accompanied only by a piano and a Hammond organ, as “the product of all I've done.”

“And I've done it all,” he remarked without false modesty one evening recently, “from symphony to choral to long-haired string quartets to the dirtiest low-downest be-hop you ever heard.”

“Anybody can play the notes,” he said on another occasion, “but if you hear a string quartet playing something popular you hear it played exactly the way it's written. It's drab, it hasn't the ride and there's no improvisation. Same thing when you hand a jazzman a cello. He's got no background to cope with it.”

Wright's background and a resolute knowledge of what effect he wants enable him to make beautiful music out of comparatively untrained voices. This is not to suggest that the next traffic cop you meet is a cinch for the tenor section the instant Wright hears him growl, because a basic knowledge of music and the ability to read and hold a variety of parts are Wright essentials. But the end product of Wright's particular method is a blending of all voices into four, five and sometimes six-part harmony, featuring the deepest of basses and the most lilting of sopranos.

Wright auditioned almost twelve hundred voices

o sing for Canada



ality.

The singers, most of them in stocking feet, hop into lucrative harmony. They get \$33 a broadcast.

before he formed his chorus. The turnover is small because all members live in London. Occasionally a girl will marry and move away or a man may be transferred by his firm but these changes have been few. Consequently Wright keeps only a short waiting list—"six or seven at the most." Even pregnancies are no problem—musically speaking. One Sunday night last fall Ruth Casler, a soprano, sang through the half-hour program and two days later had her first baby. She was still in hospital the following week so Wright phoned Muriel Deadman, a former chorister who had married and moved to Detroit. She drove to London for the two rehearsals Wright holds in his home each week, quickly readjusted herself and sang Mrs. Casler's part on Sunday.

Some autocratic choirmasters rule their singers as though they were serfs but Wright effervesces informality and conviviality. During pre-broadcast final rehearsals and through the broadcasts he pads around in his sock feet with his coat off and his tie-knot several inches below his collar. He stands directly under a suspended microphone when he's conducting, with the chorus ringed in a half-moon around him, the seven girls in the front row and the seven men behind them. Wright and the soloists remove their shoes so their movements won't be picked up by the mike. If someone makes a mistake in a rehearsal Wright discusses it quietly and often jovially and when it is rectified in the next run-through he beams and pumps his head in elaborate approval.

Continued on page 42



Wright (striped shirt) works out a last-minute score change with chorus organist Max Magee.



On trips and holidays, Wright takes a portable organ to work on arrangements. He doesn't sing.

DON WRIGHT'S TUNEFUL "AMATEURS"



HOUSEWIFE
Toni Tozer



DISPATCHER
Frank Rockwood



MINING EXECUTIVE
Dick White



HOUSEWIFE
Doris Paton



STENOGRAPHER
Jean Lloyd



TEACHER
Bill Manning



SALESMAN
Art Brown



HOUSEWIFE
Arleen Waite



HOUSEWIFE
Marg Adams



TEACHER
Jim Murray



SALESMAN
Harold Wildgust



RECEPTIONIST
Dyllys Stace



HOUSEWIFE
Ruth Casler

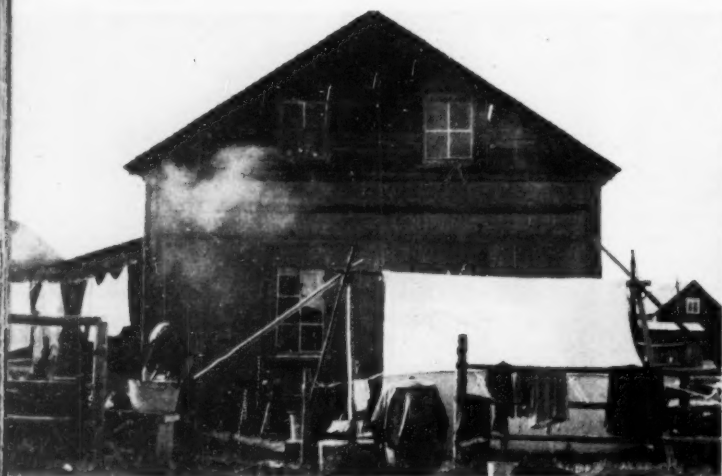


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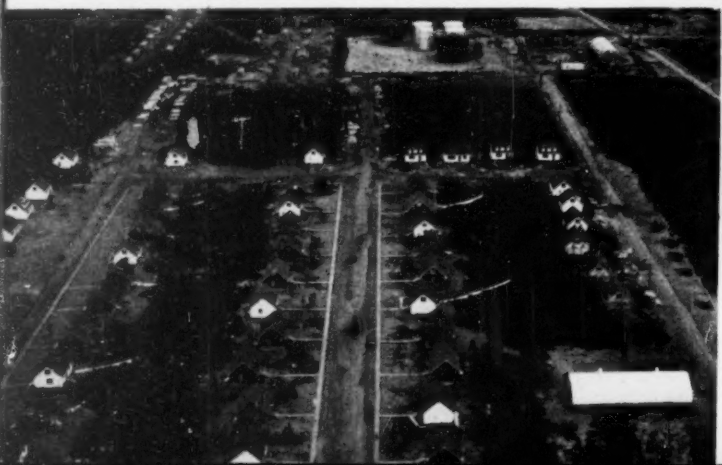


HOW THE BOOM HIT SEVEN ISLANDS

Cartier found it, but it took mining magnate Jules Timmins and his iron vision to lift Seven Islands, Que., out of the past and into a bustling future. Now millionaires are burgeoning where four years ago a team of huskies represented wealth



The old Montagnais reservation (above) contrasts sharply with the new Iron Ore Co. townsite (below), where about four hundred homes are planned. Most Indians have gone to a new reservation out of town, but some won't shift.



Puddle on Second Street is one hazard to Seven Islands autos.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

FEW PLACES have been plucked from Canada's yesterday and thrust into Canada's tomorrow as suddenly as Seven Islands, Que. In four years this backward village on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, five hundred miles east of Montreal, has become a bustling boom town.

In 1949 Seven Islands or Sept Iles had a population of six hundred whites who fished for a living and six hundred Indians who depended on their traplines. Today these inhabitants are indistinguishable from five thousand strangers who have poured in to open up the iron-ore deposits of Ungava, on the Quebec-Labrador border.

In summer the salt water of the sandy bay which enfolds Seven Islands still sparkles blue and green and tosses its spume into the cool air. The spruce and balsam saplings cling to the crags as the breeze cuffs them on its upward sweep. In winter the bay heaves with impatience under the grinding ice. The bitter wind rattles the saplings like bones.

Man has not changed the climate of Seven Islands, but he has changed everything else—even the sounds. Until 1949 the sounds of Seven Islands were the cry of gulls, the splash of paddles, the bark of sled dogs, the ring of church bells. Now they are the roar of aircraft engines and the din of steam shovels, power saws, concrete mixers, motor horns, juke boxes. The narrow lane which once linked the scattered homes of the whites with the Indian reservation has been obliterated by wide rutted streets crowded with trucks, jeeps and taxis and lined with bungalows, grocerias, restaurants, hotels. Oil lamps have given way to hydro, outdoor ovens to electric stoves.

Seven Islands was discovered in 1535 by Jacques

A NEW COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS HAS ANSWERED THE CALL OF THE NEWEST BOOM TOWN



ROGER MARCOUX

Marcoux built the Sept Iles Hotel; Thorning is an IOC superintendent.



ED THORNING



GEORGE BLOUIN

Blouin has theatre interests; mayor Layden is in charge of IOC personnel.



JACK LAYDEN



FRANK FRANKLAND

HBC's Frankland has latest magazines; Mackenzie is a prominent Montagnais.



JOSEPH MACKENZIE



REX

Everybody owns this town bum.



The rail line is pushing steadily toward Burnt Creek, base camp for Ungava's iron development.



Making more money than trap lines offer, these Montagnais move freight for construction work.



The Rio movie house offers films in English and French. A new show is building across the street.

Cartier who named the place after seven atolls which raise their backs from the bay like swimming beavers. For more than three hundred years after that it stood on the great waterway of Canadian history, passed and repassed by ships, unknown and ignored.

Then it was rediscovered by Jules Timmins, the Montreal mining tycoon, who made it the terminal of the railroad which will tap Ungava's iron. Landing barges and aircraft descended on placid Seven Islands, bringing invaders from all over North America and Europe. The insurgents unloaded cranes, bulldozers, graders and locomotives; ties, railroad track, tunneling bores and bridging steel; prefabricated warehouses, home-building supplies and tents; medical chests, blankets, stoves and coffee pots. They brought with them a slogan: "Iron ore by nineteen fifty-four!"

The bosses were offering ten dollars a day. To the people of Seven Islands, who had rarely earned more than two-fifty a day, it seemed like wealth. The whites cast away their nets, the Indians dropped their traplines, and they were soon helping to erect a huge dock on the beach and to press a railroad north into the wilds.

Today wired-in camps, compounds and dumps clutter the scene, all guarded by gatekeepers and marked by the initials of the Iron Ore Company of Canada (IOC) and those of its subsidiaries, the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway (QNSLR), and Hollinger Ungava Transport (HUT), which runs fifteen freight planes between Seven Islands and Ungava. Other companies have caught the craze for initials, among them CMMK, which stands for Cartier, McNamara, Mannix, Morrison and Knudsen, the railway contractors.

A few of the new residents are doctors, lawyers and professors, DPs from central Europe who agreed to do twelve months' manual labor in Canada before trying to settle down in their old

vocations, Canadian and American workers who follow construction jobs, Newfoundlanders hopeful of accumulating enough capital to make improvements to their farms at home, and businessmen with an eye for a fast buck.

The companies on the project pay from ninety cents an hour for laborers to one dollar and eighty-five cents for craftsmen. Nobody works less than a sixty-hour week and most work longer. This means fat pay envelopes, even though the wage for overtime is the same as the regular scale. Up the line, the men live in heated tents. Their employers charge them a dollar-fifty a day for their meals but say this doesn't cover the cost.

Already the men have laid the railway across a six-mile fringe of sparsely wooded marine terrace and fifty miles over mountains which rise to more than three thousand feet, then down gently for another hundred miles to a swampy plateau. Before them still lie two hundred miles of barren heavily ribbed uplands which lead to the main Ungava iron-ore camp at Burnt Creek.

New track is being laid at the rate of one and a half miles a day. Possibly late this year, certainly by 1954, ore will move over this road. Thereafter, from May to November there will be eight trains on the track simultaneously, passing each other at sidings every seven miles.

Although the big dock at Seven Islands is still only half finished, five-thousand-ton steamships unloaded supplies at it last fall before the freeze-up. The tandem dumpers of the wharf are designed to empty two ninety-ton ore trucks every fifty seconds on conveyor belts which will pour eight thousand tons of ore an hour into ships or onto dockside stockpiles. According to present plans, each year until the St. Lawrence Seaway is built ten million tons of ore will be shipped from Seven Islands via the Great Lakes to smelters of the Pittsburgh steel basin. When the seaway is

Continued on next page



In the Yacht Club bar Bernard Goguen earns one hundred a week slaking thirsts of town's upper crust. Though the water's too cold for swimming Barbara Moodie (left) and Irene Degras find the forty-mile-long beach just fine for sun-bathing.



Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



APRIL IN PARIS: The nimble amiability of Ray Bolger and the Gallic drollery of Claude Dauphin combine with some pleasant singing by Doris Day to make this a diverting slaphappy musical, although the story is often more foolish than effervescent.

ASSIGNMENT PARIS: A Paul Gallico story about a Red-hating American newsman (Dana Andrews) trapped behind the Iron Curtain and accused of espionage. Some of the apparatus of psychological warfare is interestingly shown, but few of the characters come to life on the screen. With George Sanders, Marta Toren.

FACE TO FACE: Two short-story classics — The Secret Sharer, by Joseph Conrad, and The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky, by Stephen Crane — are intelligently packaged in the best yet of Hollywood's attempts to excel the Maugham parcels from Britain.

THE I DON'T CARE GIRL: The considerable charm and talents of Mitzi Gaynor are shamefully wasted in this vague, rambling pseudo-biography of Eva Tangui, the Betty Hutton of the 1920s.

THE LAWLESS BREED: The western badman whose challengers won't let him retire is becoming a fairly threadbare figure in the films, but young Rock Hudson manages to be quite convincing in this assignment. Better-than-average frontier mellerdrammer.

THE LUSTY MEN: A good action yarn, burdened from time to time by excessive dialogue, about the professional rodeo circuit and the hardy horse-tamers who inhabit it. Robert Mitchum, Arthur Kennedy and Arthur Hunnicutt are among the rugged citizens on hand, along with Susan Hayward as Kennedy's worried spouse.

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID: The renowned Australian swimmer, Annette Kellerman, gets Hollywood's respectful biographical salute in a draggy but spectacular water-musical, starring Esther Williams.

PONY SOLDIER: Constable Tyrone Power of the pioneer Mounties keeps his scarlet tunic pressed and spotless amid all his rough encounters with rebellious Indians. Thomas Gomez is occasionally amusing as a cynical halfbreed guide.

ROAD TO BALI: Some of the raucous partners' mugging at the camera and sly personal "asides" may get on your nerves once or twice, but in most respects this is an acceptable sequel to all the previous "Road" farces with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Dorothy Lamour's old sarong still fits her very handsomely.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER: John Philip Sousa, the emperor of all the bandmasters, is impersonated by Clifton Webb in a cheerful musical. An over-long plot thread involving Young Love (Debra Paget and Robert Wagner) doesn't interfere unduly with the rousing band-tunes that make the picture a lot of fun to see and hear.

THE STEEL TRAP: A fair crime-and-suspense item about a bank official (Joseph Cotten) whose jittery wife (Teresa Wright) doesn't know that their "business trip" is really a scheme to steal a million dollars.

TOP SECRET: An enjoyable British farce. It tells of an innocent English plumber (George Cole) who becomes the temporary toast of Moscow because the Russians think he is an atomic traitor.

THE TURNING POINT: William Holden as a believable newspaperman, Edmond O'Brien as an investigator tackling a huge crime syndicate, Alexis Smith as O'Brien's "girl Friday," in a somewhat conventional but interesting crime drama. An exciting chase sequence and an unexpected ending are assets here, too.

THE WOMAN'S ANGLE: Actress Claude Farrell's breezy portrayal of a man-hungry Slavic ballerina is not enough to outweigh the numerous weaknesses of this garrulous British soap-opera. It's about a music-manager (Edward Underdown) and his tangled love-life.

Gilmour Rates

Abbott & Costello Meet Captain Kidd: Pirate farce. Fair.
Against All Flags: Pirate yarn. Poor.
Bloodhounds of Broadway: Damon Runyon comic musical. Good.
Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.
Come Back, Little Sheba: Marriage drama. Excellent.
Crimson Pirate: Action comedy. Good.
8 Iron Men: War drama. Good.
Everything I Have Is Yours: Musical. Good dancing, poor story.
Fearless Fagan: Comedy. Good.
Hangman's Knot: Western. Fair.
The Happy Time: Comedy. Good.
High Noon: Western. Tops.
Horizons West: Western. Poor.
Hurricane Smith: Tropic drama. Poor.
It Grows on Trees: Comedy. Fair.
Ivanhoe: Adventure drama. Excellent.
Limelight: Chaplin drama. Excellent.

Miracle of Fatima: Drama. Good.
Les Misérables: Drama. Fair.
Mr. Denning Drives North: Suspense drama (British). Fair.
Monkey Business: Comedy. Fair.
My Pal Gus: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Wife's Best Friend: Farce. Poor.
Operation Secret: Spy drama. Fair.
Outpost in Malaya: Drama. Fair.
Penny Princess: Comedy. Fair.
Plymouth Adventure: Sea drama. Good.
The Quiet Man: Irish comedy. Good.
The Raiders: Western. Fair.
Red Planet Mars: Space drama. Poor.
Reluctant Heroes: Army farce. Fair.
Something for the Birds: Satire. Fair.
Springfield Rifle: Western. Good.
Story of Mandy: Drama. Good.
Story of Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
The Thief: No-talk spy tale. Good.
Under the Red Sea: Adventure. Good.
Untamed Frontier: Western. Fair.
Venetian Bird: Mystery. Fair.

finished the output is scheduled to be stepped up to twenty million tons annually.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., of Timmins, Ont., has staked claims at Ungava equal in area to a band a mile wide around the earth at the equator. A group of American steel companies, headed by the Hanna Corporation, of Cleveland, Ohio, is helping Hollinger finance the open-cast mines and construct the railroad and dock. They formed a joint concern, Iron Ore Company of Canada, and nowadays six thousand people in Seven Islands depend directly or indirectly on IOC for a living.

In 1651, one hundred and sixteen years after Jacques Cartier christened Seven Islands, Jean de Quen, a priest, settled there to convert the Indians. Soon afterward came Basque fishermen. Later, Le Corrossol, a French warship, was wrecked there. After Wolfe's victory at Quebec in 1759 Scottish soldiers settled at Seven Islands as fishermen.

Then, for nearly two hundred years, nothing much happened. In summer, while the Montagnais Indians relaxed and feasted, Basques and Scots caught salmon, cod, halibut and mackerel for export to Montreal, London and New York. In winter, while the whites holed up, the Montagnais trapped mink, martin, beaver and fox around the Menihék Lakes, four hundred miles to the north.

Redskin and paleface lived peacefully but kept apart. A few of the Scots clung to their native culture. Others retained their Caledonian names but lost their command of English or Gaelic and adopted the language of their French neighbors. The life of the community revolved around the Hudson's Bay Company post and the Roman Catholic churches. The Indians worshipped in one wooden church, the whites in a second church five hundred yards away. The whites built little grey clapboard houses, the Indians built log shacks, no higher than a man's chest, as permanent quarters, but some tepees remained.

Links with the outside were few. There is still no paved highway or railroad on the north shore nearer to Seven Islands than Tadoussac, two hundred miles southwest. A glimpse of urban life involved five days mushing around the needle rocks, over the avalanching bluffs and across the crusted swamps to Baie Comeau, a pulp-and-paper town one hundred and fifty miles upstream.

Nothing upset the concentration on fishing and furs; nothing swelled the population above a peak of twelve hundred; and nothing increased the community's total savings in its single bank to more than thirty thousand dollars a year, or twenty-five dollars a head.

Then, in 1936, a group of prospectors headed by Dr. J. A. Retty, one of Canada's outstanding geologists, arrived in the coaster Jean Brillant from Rimouski, on the opposite shore, and headed north. They returned every year after that and Seven Island's residents speculated about the future.

Early in the war a landing strip was constructed at Seven Islands for RCAF planes doing submarine patrol work on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some civilian planes used this and in 1942 one of them brought Jules Timmins. His visit, coupled with the visits of the prospectors, and with all the wartime talk of mineral developments, excited the residents.

Rumors flew thick and fast but it was 1946 before the people heard definitely that Timmins had bought iron claims in Quebec and Labrador, four hundred miles deep in a trackless

hinterland and more than a thousand miles away from the nearest smelter. In 1949, Timmins aimed an airlift at Seven Islands. If five tons of cement were needed fast, if a grader was urgently required, he had them flown in. The old fighter strip received thousands of tons of machinery from the air, and beaches were cluttered with equipment like those of Normandy on D-Day—equipment delivered by ships and lightered ashore in barges.

To most of the old-timers of Seven Islands the wharf and railway construction has meant affluence. Any former fisherman can now rent a room for forty to sixty dollars a month. Some have built new homes and rent their old ones at a hundred dollars a month. A native who bought five houses at low prices now gets an income of four hundred dollars a month from them. One man is reputed to have received twenty-eight thousand dollars and another man twenty-three thousand dollars for lots which cost them a few hundred. Sales of business sites for twelve to fourteen thousand dollars have been common.

Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale Government, trying to curb land speculation, has split crown land surrounding Seven Islands into residential lots, which it sells for two hundred dollars.

Scores of construction workers are building their own homes and moving in their families. The IOC has put up forty of four hundred homes it will eventually rent to permanent employees at fifty dollars monthly and up.

The new Hotel Sept Iles has twenty-four rooms, each with bath, which are booked weeks ahead by commercial travelers, provincial and federal politicians and men looking for business opportunities. Just off the hotel lobby there is a cocktail lounge, and upstairs there is the Yacht Club, an elegant preserve of higher executives and their wives, lavishly furnished to a nautical motif.

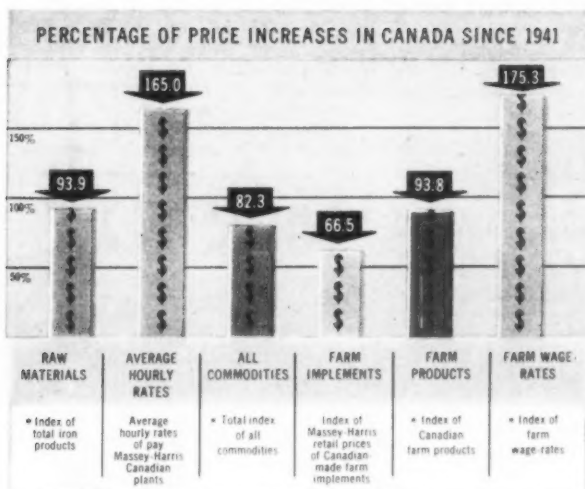
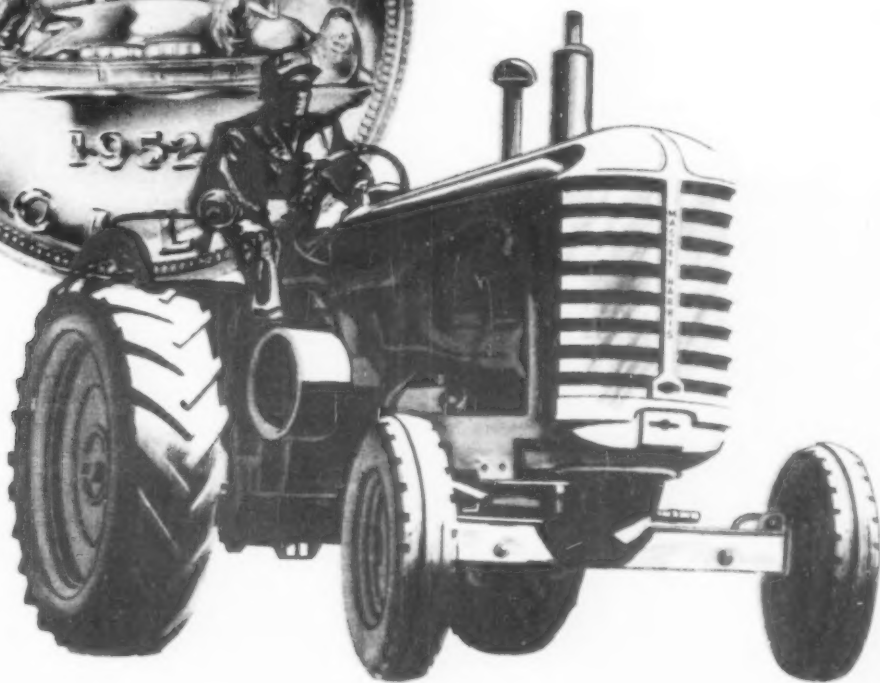
The Hotel Sept Iles was begun in October 1951 and finished in April 1952. It cost half a million dollars. Its owner is Roger Marcoux, a vigorous, balding man in his mid-thirties who drives a Cadillac and recently lost in a crash a private aircraft he bought from ex-vice-president Alben Barkley of the United States. Marcoux was formerly a Montreal tobacco salesman. In 1952 he got together enough money to make the down payment on the Commercial Hotel in Mont Joli, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, where Hollinger prospectors preparing to fly to Ungava stopped overnight.

He listened to their stories of Seven Islands' possibilities, borrowed more money and built the Hotel Sept Iles. Today he is building offices and stores next door and is well on his way to his first million.

The boom has changed the outlook and aspirations of old residents. Until the iron men arrived, H. B. (Frank) Frankland, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post, sold flour, sugar, beans and salt by the sack; pickled pork and beef by the keg; lamp oil by the gallon; and necessities like dog harness, axes, snowshoes, rifles and ammunition. Last summer he shipped back to Montreal the last of his Coleman oil lamps and imported a consignment of electric-light shades. The post has been turned into a modern department store with meat in refrigerated glass cases, patent medicines, linoleum, cosmetics and the latest magazines.

The change in the fortunes of Seven Islands has freed sled dogs from slavery and filled the town with a pack of monstrous mongrels. One hulking beast called Rex is now a local character. He seems to owe allegiance to no

THIS IS THE DOLLAR THAT'S WORTH MUCH MORE THAN THE OTHER DOLLARS THE CANADIAN FARMER SPENDS



• Dominion Bureau of Statistics Wholesale Price and Farm Wage Rate Indexes

MASSEY-HARRIS

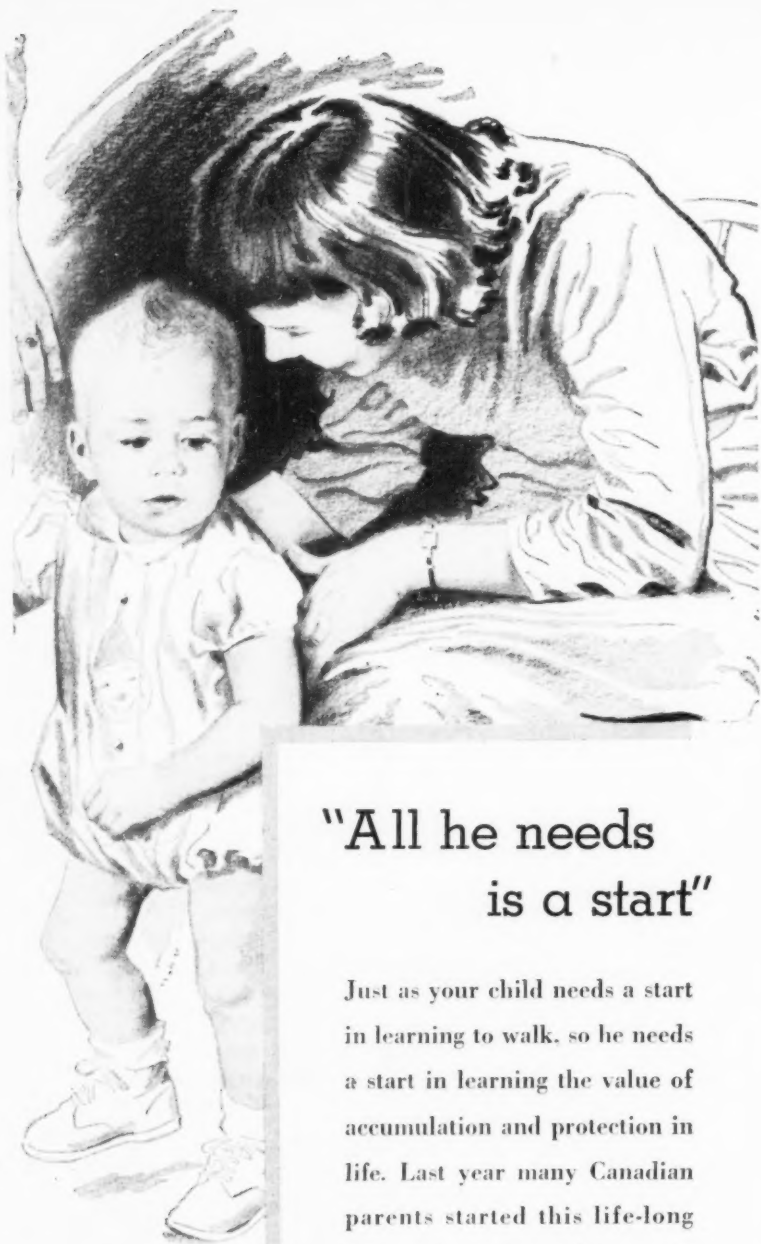
A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH  A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

There has been far less shrinkage in the dollar that buys *farm equipment* than in the other dollars Canadian farmers spend. A glance at the official indexes published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics clearly bears this out. Since 1941, the index for "all commodities" has increased 82.3%. Yet in this same period *the index for Massey-Harris Canadian-made farm implements has risen only 66.5%* . . . despite the fact that raw materials that go into farm implements have risen 93.9% and hourly wage rates in Massey-Harris Canadian plants have shot up 165%!

The maintaining of this low level of increase in farm implement prices is an outstanding achievement . . . made

possible by the world-wide demand for Massey-Harris products, a demand that has permitted full-volume production and high operating efficiency. These, in turn, have enabled Massey-Harris to absorb part of the increased cost of materials and labour.

And here's another figure that's significant for the farmer. Since 1941 *the scarcity of farm labour has raised the farm wage index 175.3%*! This means that every piece of farm equipment has a greater dollars-and-cents value than ever before. Massey-Harris labour-saving machinery enables the Canadian farmer to reap *the maximum benefit* from the 93.8% increase in the price index for farm produce . . . and when Canadian farmers prosper *all Canadians benefit!*

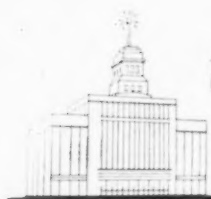


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Just as your child needs a start in learning to walk, so he needs a start in learning the value of accumulation and protection in life. Last year many Canadian parents started this life-long lesson through confidence in Canada Life. Why not see your Canada Life man and do likewise?



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master but bums around the construction camps eating like a lion at kitchen doorways. Taxi drivers give him lifts from camp to camp and many times aircraft pilots have taken him up to Ungava just for the ride.

Some uncommon men have moved in. Jean L. Goguen, for instance, a little affable bilingual grandfather, arrived recently after years as an electrician in such northwest outposts as Fairbanks, Juneau and Anchorage, in Alaska, and Whitehorse and Dawson City in the Yukon. Although he came to ply his trade he noticed that nobody belonged to a union. So he quit his job and set about organizing for the United Steelworkers of America. He says he has twenty-five percent of the men signed up and when he has fifty percent he hopes to get bargaining rights. Then he'll demand time-and-a-half rates for overtime and other concessions.

Goguen's son Bernard, an intelligent good-looking young man, also came to Seven Islands to work as an electrician, but he found bartending at the Yacht Club more lucrative; he makes more than a hundred dollars a week.

Jean Marini, a painter from Montmartre with long grey-gold hair and a whimsical sensitive face, is one of the odd characters who have found their way to Seven Islands. In 1940 he was an officer in the French Army in Morocco. When France fell he escaped and joined De Gaulle. After the war he took a whirl at portrait painting in Montreal but failed to make ends meet. Heading for St. Pierre and Miquelon, the French islands off Newfoundland, where he hoped to do seascapes, he stopped off at Seven Islands. Singing at the top of his voice while he works, he has filled Seven Islands with gay signs.

Jack Layden, the mayor, is a tall, bespectacled soft-spoken young man in his mid-thirties, born at St. Catharines, Ont. He came to Seven Islands during the war as a radio operator in the RCAF and married Joan Ferguson, a French-speaking Seven Islands Scot. He stayed after the war as a radio operator for Canadian Pacific Airlines, which now runs a daily Dakota from Montreal.

Then the Ungava bug bit him. He joined the Iron Ore Company of Canada and was soon promoted to personnel manager. Now, in addition to his job, he owns property on the main street, a half share in the local cinema and a big car which he drives over the thirty-nine miles of rough highways in the Seven Islands district.

"I expect," he says "the town will have a permanent population of around six thousand after the construction work is finished. We are going ahead with zoning schemes for residential and industrial sites on that assumption."

Layden has no difficulty recruiting stenographers for IOC from Montreal and Toronto, even though they have to live in army huts and eat staff messes. "They all figure they'll stand a better chance of finding a husband here," he says. He admits there are no cultural pursuits as yet. There aren't even any dances except in the town's one commercial dance hall. "The local clergy," he says, "frowns on dancing." He adds in a deprecatory tone: "But there's plenty of drinking."

The cocktail bars in the Hotel Sept Iles, and in its smaller but equally comfortable rival, the Hotel Santerre, are full from noon to midnight with transients and workers playing hookey. In the evening the dining room in the Hotel Sept Iles is thrown open to accommodate more drinkers.

Women customers are heavily outnumbered by men. Some of them are

wives of construction workers who've found homes in town, but most of them are pretty waitresses from Quebec City and the Gaspé Peninsula who've arrived in search of high wages and husbands. The husband market looks promising. Most girls have at least three escorts.

The beer taverns beneath the cocktail bars are open from eight in the morning till eleven at night. Says Paul Remillard, the head barman of the Hotel Sept Iles, "There's generally a line-up at opening time of guys needing a revive after the night before."

Among the hundred-odd taxi drivers who shipped their vehicles in from all over Quebec are some rascals. Early last year a number of taxi drivers were suspected of operating vehicles as mobile brothels and running booze into the construction camps, where it is forbidden.

Much of this has been cleaned up by two RCMP officers, two provincial policemen and five construction company policemen.

Prostitution is no longer flagrant; gambling is on a very small scale; and while drinking is still two-fisted the helpless or belligerent drunk is a rarity. At the dance hall, where only soft drinks are served, there is a surprising air of decorum. Compared with most frontier towns, Seven Islands is almost sedate. Men coming down from the bush at week ends complain that it is too quiet.

An explanation for this is offered by Ed Thorning, IOC superintendent, a native of Kirkland Lake, Ont., and a veteran of construction camps from the Mexican border to Alaska. Thorning, who lives with his Scottish wife in one of the new company houses, says, "It's not wild because the nature of the job keeps the men interested. Nearly every day, as the track goes down, the scene of their work changes. They keep looking back and seeing what they've done and it gives them a sense of accomplishment. On construction, it is fairly easy to keep men happy. It's when you get to the production stage that trouble starts. Construction is varied, production is monotonous."

Thorning adds that there are other reasons for Seven Islands' good be-

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace

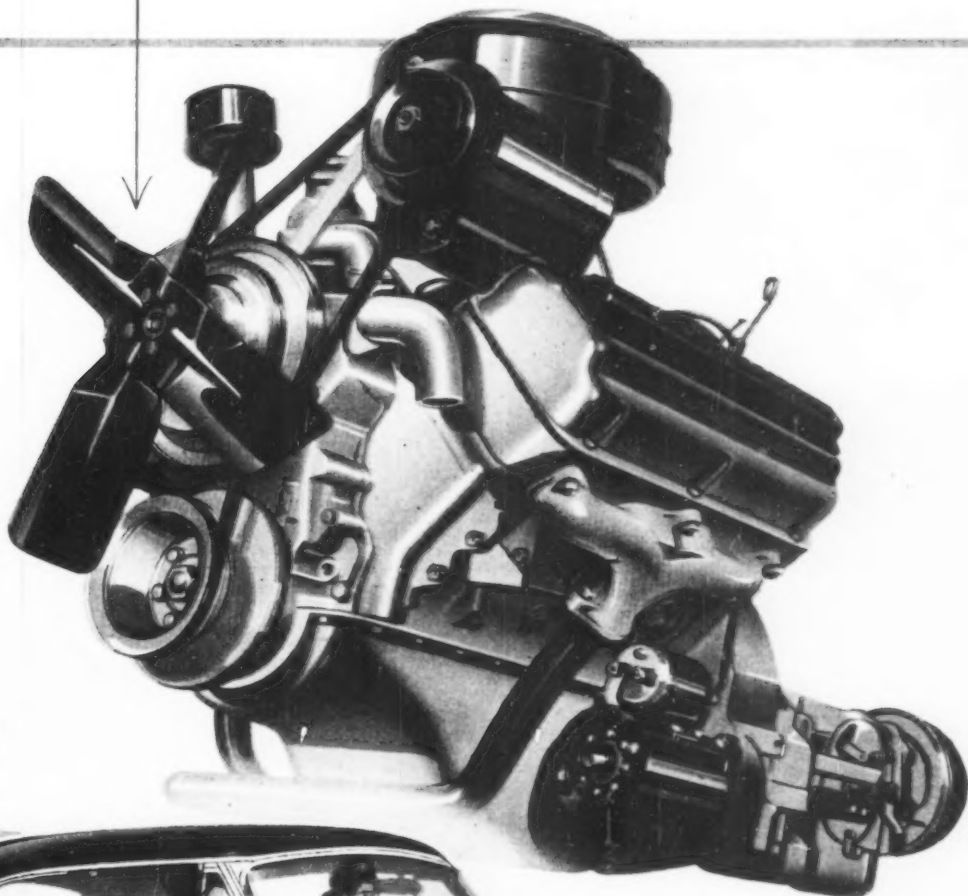


MACLEAN'S

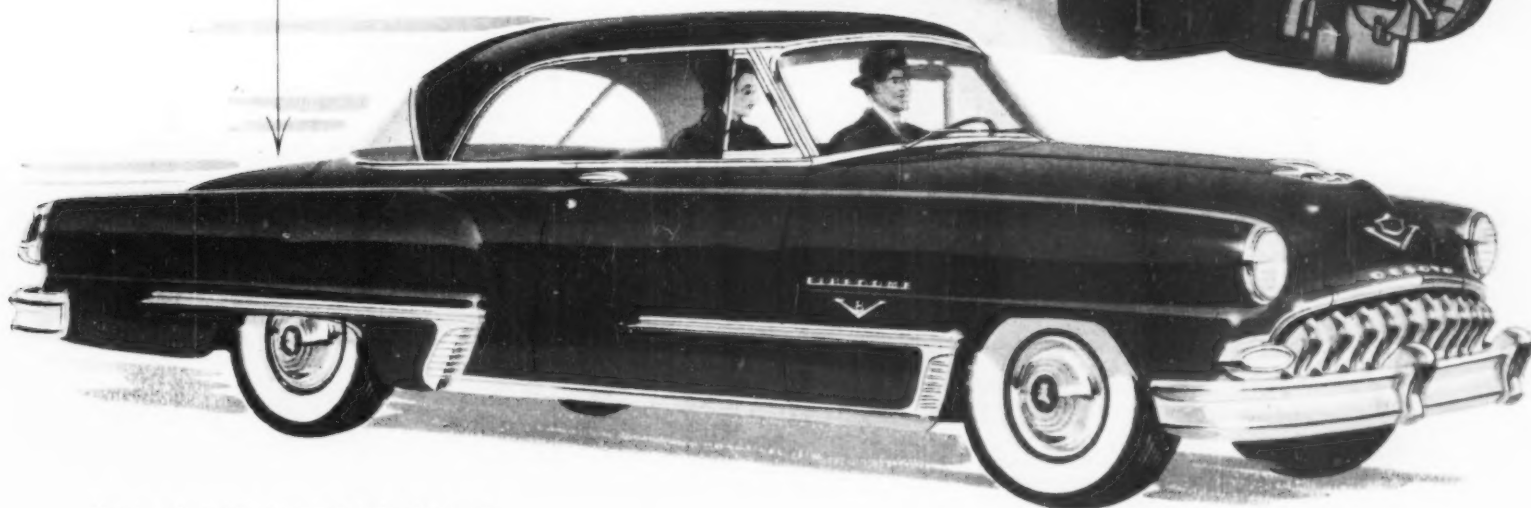
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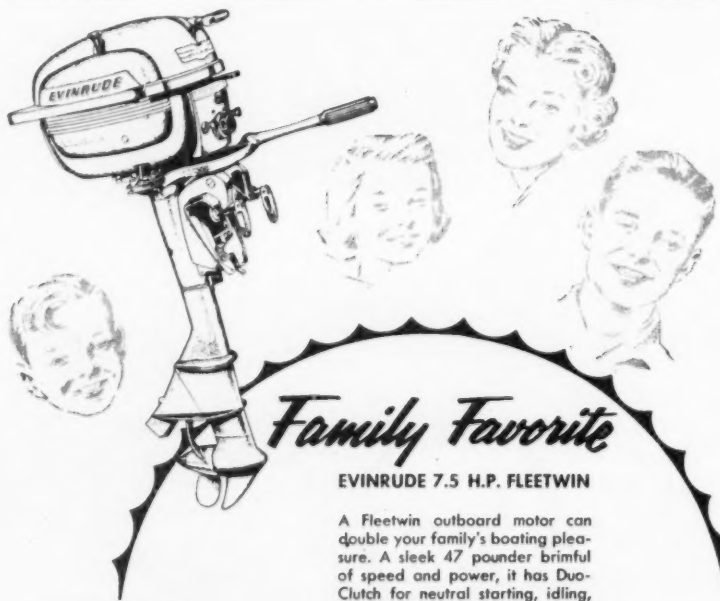
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havior. "There are so many opportunities here," he says, "for a guy with a bit of capital that men look after their money."

Along the curving yellow strand of gently sloping beach at Seven Islands many people envisage a promenade and an elegant west-end neighborhood which would turn its picture windows discreetly away from the grimy ore dock to all the scenic glory elsewhere. But there is a snag to this. The most suitable land available for such development is the old Montagnais Indian Reserve.

About twelve months ago fifty of the sixty Montagnais families left for a new reserve six miles inland, a reserve laid out for them by the Department of Indian Affairs to raise their standards in proportion to the new white levels. Here they have cosy homes with electric lights and running water and send their children to a new school.

About ten families, to the astonishment of the whites, steadfastly refuse to budge from the old reserve. They live on, in shacks and tattered tents where their ancestors bivouacked for centuries before Cartier found safe anchorage in the bay. They wander among rusting iron bedsteads, crumpled tricycles, broken ovens.

Their leader is a shabby patriarch, Sylveste Mackenzie. If ever he spoke English, Sylveste pretends to have forgotten it. Once he could get along in French but today he usually expresses himself briefly in the Montagnais dialect. Every August until the Ungava project got going he led the Montagnais as they paddled out of the bay and drove their canoes into the mouth of the Moisie River, a little to the east, on the way to the hunting grounds. The men would fire their rifles exultantly into the air, some so excited they would waste fifty rounds. The squaws would sit in the centre of the bobbing canoes, holding on tight, and nodding and smiling at the shore. It was a spectacular farewell.

Four hundred miles they would go, up the Moisie and through the Opocopa Lakes to the Ashuanipi River and on into the bleak Menihék Lakes. Some would portage over the height of land, whence all rivers start flowing northward to the Arctic, and shoot the rapids down to Lakes Cramoet, Chakonipau, Cambrian and Chateauguay.

Sylveste himself took time out from the trapping to press forward another three hundred miles and pick up the mail from the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Chimo by the frozen waters of Ungava Bay. It was a lonely dangerous mission, calling for great courage and fortitude, but Mackenzie got a hundred and fifty dollars for it and earned the reputation of trusty courier.

In spring he would canoe back to Seven Islands with the rest of the tribe, their craft laden with pelts. The annual harvest of pelts during the war years fetched a hundred thousand dollars, or nearly two thousand dollars per family.

Last year, only a dozen Montagnais families left for the trapping grounds. The rest were on construction work. If the traditionalists fired any shots as they rounded the headland, the sound was drowned in the raucous rattle of pneumatic riveters on the dockside.

Sylveste wasn't with the hunting party. He sat at home in the squalid old Montagnais Reserve watching the scenery change every day and scowling glumly. Most people at Seven Islands are happy to be catching up with Canada's industrial development, but not Sylveste. He listens to the din of construction and yearns for the bark of sled dogs and the splash of paddles. ★

When the Redskins Took Over Twiggeville

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

sidekicks. Buck Round Eyes, who is a dandy fishing and hunting guide, let out a scalp-shuddering war whoop.

"Enough of that, Buck," said the chief. "Let me explain to these gentlemen."

"Now lookit here," began Noren. "You can't come in here like . . ."

Skootamata held up one hand to command silence. "We have," he said. He began to fish around in his pockets and finally he produced a yellowed sheet of paper.

"Ah, here it is," he said.

"What?" Noren was sulking by now.

"Patience, my man, patience," said Skootamata. "See this document?"

Noren nodded.

"Well, it's something I discovered when I was at university . . ."

I remembered then how Skootamata had gone to college and how proud we were in Twiggeville when he made the All-Star team as quarterback and how as a distance runner he had whipped the pants off everybody who had come up against him, and that included some Yankee stars. Now I began to wonder if maybe all the studying and athletics had perhaps driven him a bit queer, him being a child of nature, as the saying goes.

"This document," said Skootamata tapping the yellowed paper, "was, as you will see in due course, legally drawn up and signed in the year 1848. In June. At that time it gave your people, the palefaces, rights to build on the land which Twiggeville now occupies. It also gave my forefathers, then led by Chief Laughing Loon, full rights in perpetuity to the acres on which Mazinaw Village, commonly called the reservation, is located."

"So?" Noren tried to look haughty, but being short and fat, and Skootamata so tall and slim, he looked like a butter tub lying against a pine tree.

"Ah, but we haven't finished yet," chuckled Skootamata. "You'll notice the contract is binding for exactly 99 years and 364 days. Not an hour more, not a minute less."

"At the end of this period," he went on, "it says here that the Mazinaws will regain full rights, for eternity, to Twiggeville and all that it contains. Since the contract does not elaborate it is obvious that this means your homes, school, shops and public services, etc., etc. Everything!"

"The hundred years," Skootamata concluded, "are up. So here we are to take over."

Buck Round Eyes let out another war whoop.

Noren's jaws just opened and closed silently, like a gasping mudcat.

"Now, Mr. Mayor," Skootamata spoke again, "we are not savages, but we do insist on having what is legally ours. So we are giving you (he looked again at his gold wrist watch) until 6 p.m., Daylight Saving Time, to clear every paleface family out of Twiggeville. My people are even now assembling on the outskirts to move in."

"Since we do not wish your good

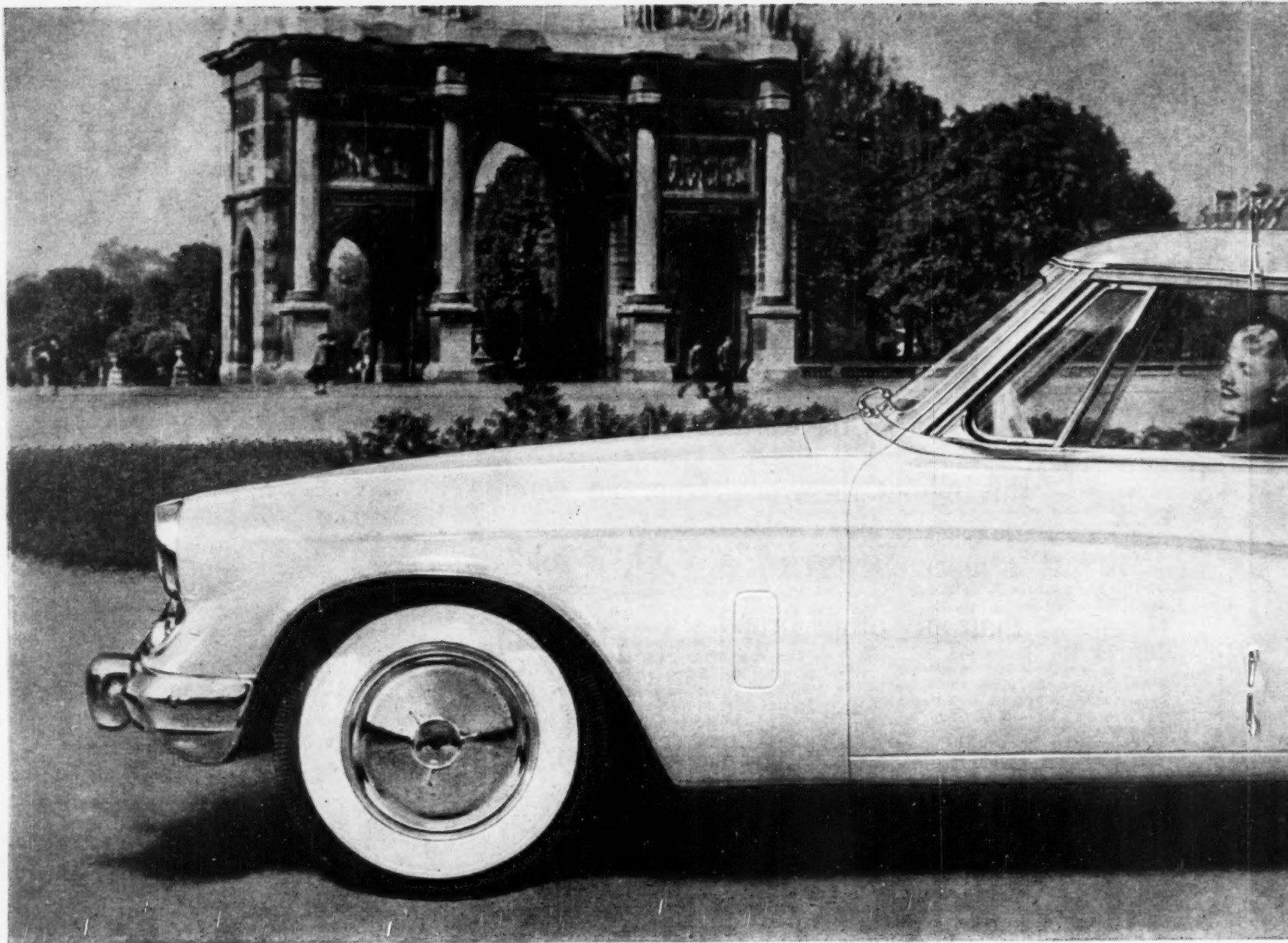
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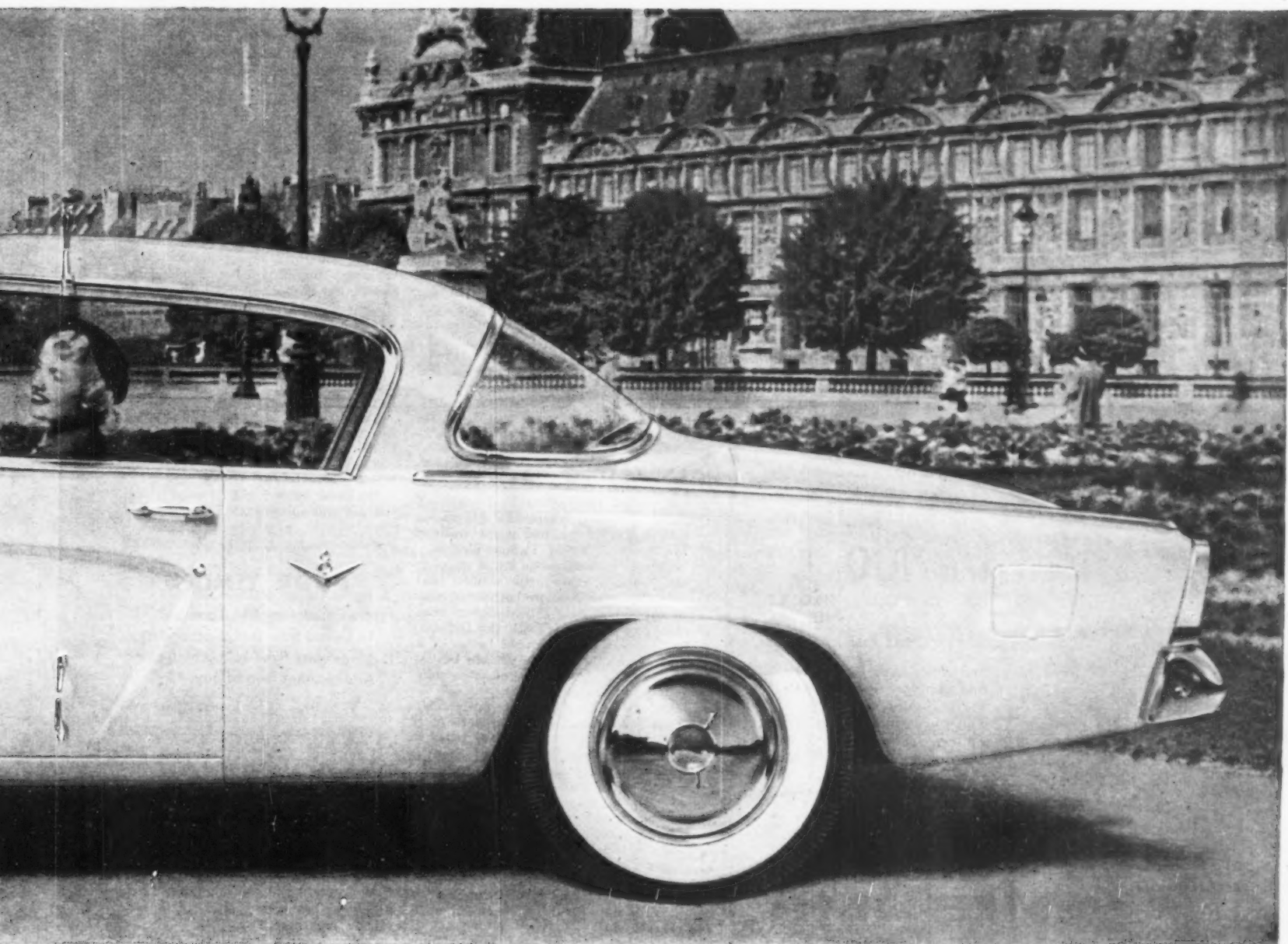
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 1, 1953



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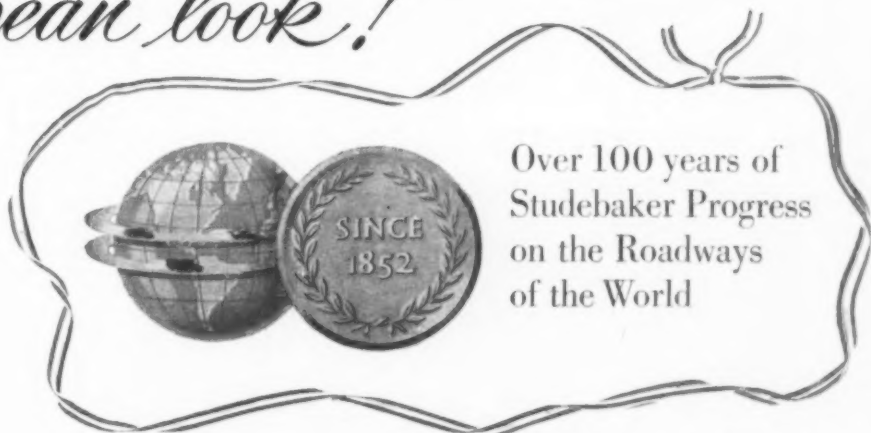
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people to suffer any inconvenience we are happy to offer them the shelter of Mazinaw Village, commonly called the reservation, and its homes and land rent free for the time being. Later we can discuss some sort of financial arrangements. There, is that not being generous? I am sure you will be quite comfortable out there, although the mosquitoes and black flies are rather bad at the moment. Always are in June."

Skootamata took a deep breath.

"There it is. I might add, however, that it will do you no good to rush off to try to contact government authorities by telephone. They'll be here soon enough as it is, and what's more my men are taking over all key communication points immediately."

"Yeah, but..." stammered Noren.

"No buts, Mr. Mayor," said the chief. "I have spoken. A bargain is a bargain, even if it was made a century ago. You have until 6 p.m. to settle your affairs and get out. Good-by!"

SO THAT was how Twiggeville's folks were tossed out into the woods and found themselves that night of June 13 living where the Mazinaws had been for a hundred years, and the Mazinaws living in Twiggeville.

Of course there was a lot of weeping and wailing among the women and kids. Some of the more hotheaded men in town had to be held down from starting bloody war with the Indians, but most of them thought better of it once they saw that the Indian braves were prepared to be as tough as they found it necessary.

A lot of folks thought it was Noren's fault for having been too soft with Skootamata, and when we reached Mazinaw village there was such a bickering and nattering that nobody got around to going after the authorities at Ottawa that night. A bunch of soreheads got together and said that Noren wasn't fit to be mayor and elected that Sam Hilton to the job. Didn't seem legal to me.

Even with two mayors we got settled at last. Being a bachelor I drew a very small, not too bad, shack on the edge of the village.

The kids soon got over their bawling and began to think the whole business was a great lark and went off whooping and hollering around the street and into the bushes, making more racket than a dozen tribes of Indians, and getting the devil bitten out of them by the skeeters and black flies, which true enough were mighty bad.

Seemed to me I had barely got to sleep that first night when a great racket started outside. It wouldn't stop, so I pulled on my pants and feeling like to brain somebody, staggered to the door. On the way I noticed it was just about 5 a.m.

Sitting out on the road in a spanking new car was Buck Round Eyes, his hand hard on the horn.

"Hey there, Feeny," he yelled.

"Come on, we want to go fishing!"

"Go yourself, then," I retorted.

"Oh no, we need a guide," said the Indian.

"So what?" I grunted. "You're the best guide hereabouts, why bother me?"

Buck let out a whoop. "I'm not the best guide now, Feeny. I've retired. You're the best guide now. Things have changed, remember? I want to hire you. Five bucks for the day and a buck for the canoe. Okay?"

We argued back and forth for all of two minutes, I guess, and since I kind of liked Buck, and still do, I ended up guiding for Buck and his wife.

It was no picnic, though.

As I hoisted the canoe up onto the top of Buck's car he jittered and nattered about how I was scratching

the paint, that guides today had no respect for their customers, and stuff like that. I was mad enough to spit in his eye.

We got started and drove down to Betty's Lake, which is a pretty good spot for big speckled trout, and I like to bust when Buck just stood around smoking while I wrassled the canoe off the car and onto my shoulders.

"Might at least give us a hand with the cushions and grub sack," I grumbled.

"Tut, tut, tut, my good man," said Buck, "you can't expect me to work. What'm I payin' you for? I hate lazy guides that do nothin' but beef. Come on now, Feeny, get goin'."

So I tottered off down the portage, tottered back over it again for the other gear.

Buck and his bride were just about to get into the canoe when Mrs. Round Eyes gave a little squeal.

"Ooh, Buck," she piped, "look at all the water in the boat. I can't sit in that!"

"Yeah," said Buck, "how'd all that water get in there? Canoe leakin'?"

He knew darned well it wasn't. All the wet was just a bit of morning dew

POOR TIMING

I rather think I might be game

To bound from bed, alert and gay,

If things were fixed so morning came

At any other time of day.

JAMES W. POWER

and maybe a quart or two of lake I'd slopped into the canoe when getting it into the water. Certainly nothing to squawk about.

"Dump it out," ordered Buck.

So I did and tried to wipe it dry with some grass and leaves. Finally we were off, cruising along the shore.

"That looks like a good spot," said Buck as we slid past a little bay. "Let's try there."

"Now lookit," I protested. "You of all people know damn well that nobody's ever taken fish out of that spot."

"Me know? Why? You're the guide. Stop, I say."

"Okay, Buck, but..."

"Mr. Round Eyes, please. Let's not get too familiar. I'm payin' you, so you'll kindly do what you're told."

Well, the day went on and Buck, who is a mighty fine fisherman I'll admit, got some nice trout, although he needed me hour after hour. He lost one fish, deliberately, then gave me hell for being sloppy with the net; he bellyached over the beans at lunch, said they were burned, which wasn't far from the truth.

I was dog-tired and fuming when the fishing was over and we drove back to Mazinaw Village. There Buck peeled off six dollars and handed them to me.

"How d'you like guidin', Feeny?" he asked. "Meet some real nice folk, eh? Believe me, I know, I've been doin' it for years. No hard feelin's, Feeny?"

I turned and walked into my shack and slammed the door.

A moment later Buck stuck his head into the room. "Say, Feeny, I forgot something."

"Yeah?"

"This. I don't believe in tippin'. Money isn't much use to you children of the forest anyway, is it? So here's a little remembrance. A good plug. A trifle beaten up and there's one

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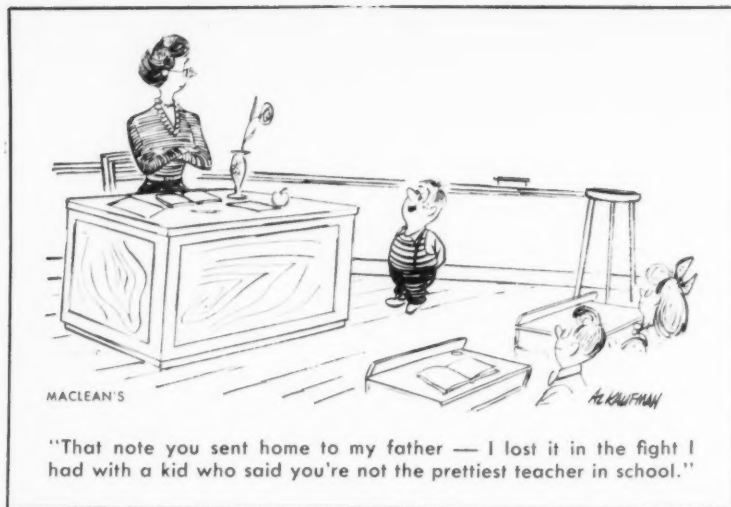



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ganghook missing, but I've caught lots of fish on it. It's yours now, all yours, and thank you for a pleasant day and maybe we'll look you up again when we come this way some time."

"Oh, Mister Round Eyes, thank you, thank you, ever so much." I tried to be as sarcastic as I could. "I couldn't accept..."

"Nonsense, fellow, you must. Good-by."

I said a nasty word and hurled the old lure at Buck's heels as he walked away. He laughed, climbed into his car and scooted off in a cloud of dust.

AFTER supper and a snooze I looked up Noren, who had moved into Skootamata's old house, certainly the best in the village, neat and clean. Some folks, those who had elected Sam Hilton new mayor, thought he should have had the house, but Noren had got there first and anyway a lot of us still looked on him as the legal mayor.

Noren was sitting on the stoop, and he looked awful tired and sad.

"A tough day?" I said.

He nodded.

"Me, too," I said. "Made six bucks guiding Buck Round Eyes."

We sat in silence for ten or fifteen minutes.

"What you and me need, Noren," I said at last, "is a good drink. Let's go into Twiggeville and spend Buck's six bucks."

"A good idea," said Noren. And we set off to town.

Things in Twiggeville looked about normal, and nobody paid much attention to us. The bucks and squaws, young and old, were strolling in the streets or sitting on the verandas of the houses that had belonged to us. The papooses were playing around just like our own small fry, only not making near the racket that white kids do.

It was quite a shock, though, to see a cop with a couple of turkey feathers in his hair, and a tomahawk instead of a gun in his belt.

We walked into the beverage room of the Queen's Hotel. It was most empty, though.

The waiter, a dour Indian by the name of Joe Whitefish, strolled over.

"Hello, Joe," said Noren cheerful like, "give us a couple of draught beers."

Joe shook his head.

"Hey?" I protested. "We got the money." I waved Buck's fiver at him.

"Can't sell liquor to anybody off the reservation," replied Joe. "Ain't legal. They'd take my license. Close me up. They say palefaces can't hold liquor. Firewater no good for white man. Drive him crazy. See?"

We didn't, but Joe stood his ground so we slunk out and had no trouble

buying a carton of cokes which we were all set to guzzle on the sidewalk, until the cop with feathers in his hair chivvied us along with a warning against loitering.

That was our big night on the town. We went back to the reservation disgusted.

WELL, things went on like this, more or less, for better than a week. It took several days for the legal eagles up in Ottawa to get their red tape packed and get down to Twiggeville. They just couldn't believe what had happened, and the local member of parliament being off to Europe to solve the problems there we couldn't get any help in that direction.

Most of us had got to kind of like the native life. I did okay in the guiding business and found that some of the Indians who came out from Twiggeville were pretty good sorts—would even slip a fellow a bottle of beer or a nip of whisky once in a while.

Things were sort of tough for Noren, though. He tried to get his wife to weaving baskets and taking them into Twiggeville to sell door-to-door to the Indians, but she just plumb refused.

Agnes Seeley, who you will recall had taken the flap when Skootamata's war party walked in on Noren and me, was none too happy with reservation life. She missed her filing cabinets and typewriter, I guess, but she bucked up somewhat when J. Kelly Putnam, the Ottawa Indian expert, finally arrived and asked her to take his dictation and look after the red tape.

This Putnam was a queer duck, a little squirt with thin sandy hair and red-lidded watery-blue eyes. A fussy-budget, but kind of nice when you got to know him better.

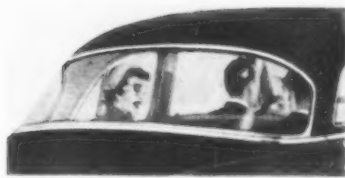
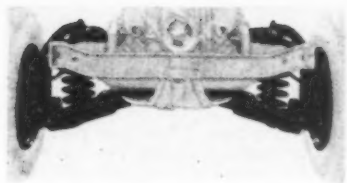
He had umpteen conferences with Skootamata and Noren and Sam Hilton, but never seemed to get very far. Always there was that old contract waved by Skootamata and as it was legal, strictly legal, Putnam was stymied.

So the days went on and on and on until most of us, except for a handful of the lads who had gone real native, became a bit tired of the enforced holiday. Oh, it wasn't that we weren't enjoying ourselves to some extent, but even more we missed the clatter of cash registers that means so much to a white man's soul.

Buck Round Eyes admitted to me once on a fishing trip—for bass this time—that a lot of the Indians were fed up with Twiggeville. Their fingers were getting calloused from punching time clocks, and they sure detested having to put nickels in the town parking meters. Some of them, too.



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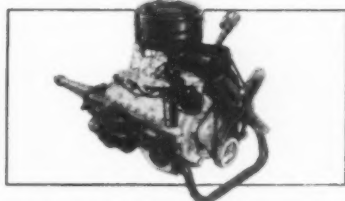


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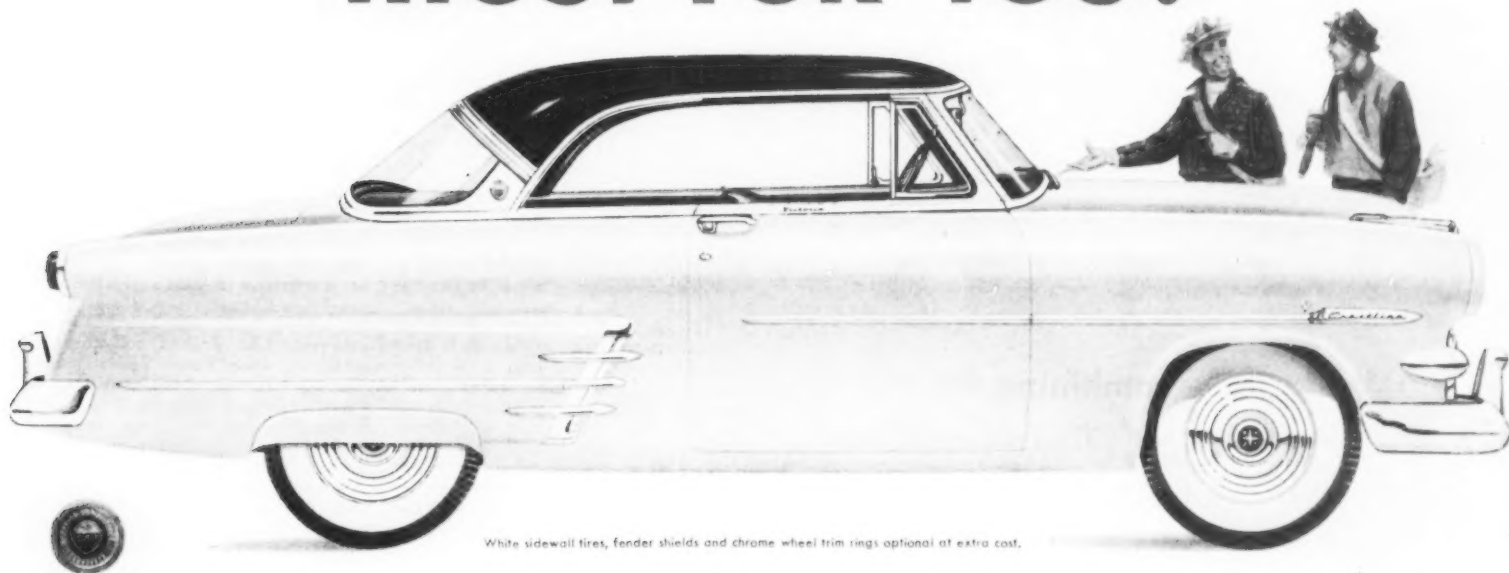


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- A limited number of students with Junior Matriculation or equivalent, will be accepted for Collège Militaire Royal de St-Jean.

Applications must be received not later than April 30th, 1953.

For full information write to one of the following:—

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St. Jean, P.Q.

had taken such a scanner at telephones ringing and ringing that they had torn them off the walls. They liked it better in Mazinaw Village where there were only two phones—one at the general store, which Sam Hilton was running, and the other at Skootamata's house.

So there came a time when the two sides showed signs of getting together. Still, the Indians didn't like to admit defeat and we were just as stubborn, I guess.

PUTNAM then came up with the idea of a vote to be taken separately in each community, whether to stay put or go back to the old way. There wasn't much doubt of the result and sure enough the Twiggevillians polled a landslide to give Mazinaw back to Skootamata's folks, and the Indians were only too delighted to dump Twiggeville back on the palefaces.

This time, though, we took two days to organize the switch, and I'll never forget the night before we were to leave Mazinaw Village. Skootamata and a parcel of his braves came honking into the village early in the day and called Noren and Sam Hilton and Putnam over to the Council House. There Skootamata announced that he thought it would only be fitting that, since it had been something he had forgotten about, the evening should be given over to distribution of bounty money to the palefaces.

"Three dollars and sixteen cents for each adult," he announced. "Five dollars and a big shiny brass medal for your chief, and as an added bonus a hunting knife to each male over the age of sixteen, but under the age of twenty-one. For females in this lesser age group a handful of colored glass beads. Generous, eh?"

This disturbed Putnam no end. "You can't do it," he raved. "You can't. Ottawa won't like it!"

Skootamata just grinned. "We must repay the generosity of our white brothers in kind before it's too late. We, too, have big hearts."

Putnam clenched his fists in frustration.

"Oh, yes," added Skootamata, "I've invited the Press to attend, so maybe you folks could get into your tribal costumes. Something quaint that'll make good pictures. Maybe you could put on a native dance, too, that would give the reporters something to write about. Some jitterbugging, maybe, or a conga line would be real savage."

"Sure," I butted in, "we could get Noren, here, to wear white tie and tails and his plug hat."

"Good idea," agreed Skootamata. "Now that's settled. See you this evening, and don't forget the dancing girls."

Well, it was quite a party, although of course there was no bounty, no knives, no beads, no brass medal. That Skootamata just had to have his little joke. But it was a dandy shindig, mixing up the folks of our two communities.

Putnam had a roaring good time, and Aggie skipped around like a spring lamb even to the extent of trying to do the Indian Dance of the Autumn Corn Grinders with Mrs. Buck Round Eyes. The big surprise of the evening, though, was when Noren Kendrick stepped up and announced he had made a trade with Skootamata: a one-quarter share of Noren's furniture business in return for the right to use Skootamata's house on the reservation as a hunting and fishing lodge.

"It sort of makes me and Skootamata blood brothers," Noren said expansively.

"And besides," Skootamata added practically, "you need someone to help out in the store anyway." ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

if we held our own in argument. It was decided there and then that a royal commission, under an independent chairman, should be set up. That great inquisitor, the Press, was going to have a taste of its own medicine.

In the evidence we heard of editorial black lists, of headlines that give a meaning not in keeping with the text, of suppression of news and biased editorial opinion that did not give the other side of the case. This last charge was thought to be a very grave one, but the commission received a sharp jolt when Lord Beaverbrook turned up and said: "The only thing in my papers that interests me is propaganda. I bought the Express to do propaganda and I shall continue to do so as long as I have any connection with the Express newspapers."

His frankness shook the members of the commission but they recovered their zeal when evidence was given of the intrusion by reporters upon private grief. Here they were on safer ground. So in the end the Royal Commission recommended that the Press should set up a permanent newspaper council with an independent chairman and representatives of all sides of newspaper production, and some lay members as well. Their aim should be to regulate the recruitment and training of journalists and the establishment of a correct code of ethics.

Herbert Morrison was delighted. He had attained a great victory. No longer would proprietors and editors be answerable only to their own peculiar brand of conscience but to a central body. Fleet Street would not merely be the avenue of adventure but of responsibility as well.

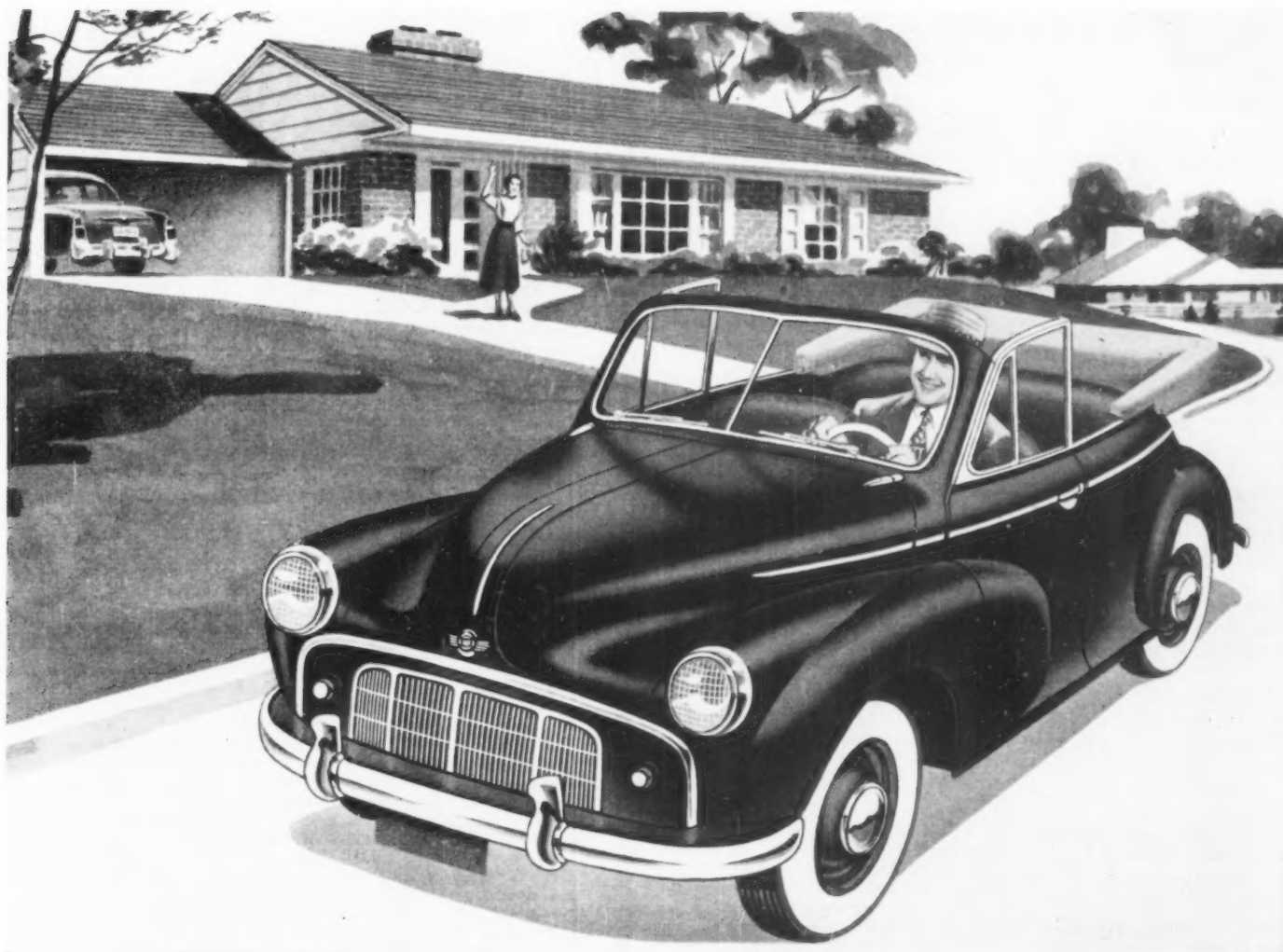
Conversations about appointing the commission were held in 1949. They were also held in 1950. Just to show that the Press meant business the talks went on in 1951 and 1952. But the Press Council did not materialize. No one bothered very much. In fact everyone had pretty well forgotten about it when Lady Violet Bonham Carter, daughter of the great Asquith (she had been a member of the Royal Commission on the Press) raised an outcry against the Daily Express because—or so she stated—one of its reporters had published an interview with the wife of a diplomat who had mysteriously disappeared some time ago behind the Iron Curtain.

The unfortunate reporter had done the interview on the telephone and had used the words in his story: "She answered with a smile." Personally I have often heard people smile on the other end of the telephone but I agree that it would be hard to prove. At any rate the Sunday Observer gave much space to Lady Violet's fulminations and there was a good deal of correspondence in the more severe newspapers about "malicious and untruthful malpractice on the part of the Daily Express." In addition there was the charge of intruding upon private grief.

Even though a committee of trade-union journalists enquired into the case and completely exonerated the reporter, the vilification went on. As Lady Violet said, this was the very kind of thing that a Press Council was meant to handle. Just to add to the general liveliness Lord Beaverbrook opened up an attack on Lord Astor, the then owner of the Observer, on quite another front. Things were getting lively in the street of ink.

The parliamentary socialists saw their opportunity. Taking advantage of the newspaper row a Labour MP

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introduced a private member's bill with clauses based on the findings of the Royal Commission. The effect of the bill was that the Press should forthwith set up the permanent Press Council.

The debate was arranged for eleven o'clock on a Friday morning — on Fridays we meet at 11 a.m. and adjourn at 4.30 p.m. Just as an aperitif we had a mad all-night sitting on Thursday and most of us were pretty weary when the Press battle opened. But, as far as the Tories were concerned, we felt the lust of battle when we saw Herbert Morrison on the front bench opposite ready to throw in his weight at the right moment.

The socialist case, as it was presented, had logic on its side. Parliament in 1948 had appointed a Royal Commission which in due course had recommended the setting up of a Press Council. The Press, however, had failed to carry out the recommendation and had, therefore, flouted both parliament and the commission.

We Tories, on the other hand, took the view that if parliament compelled the newspapers to obey orders this would be a direct infringement on the freedom of the Press. Nearly every Tory who spoke agreed that the newspapers should carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission but they should be allowed to do it in their own time, of their own free will.

Halfway through the debate I had the good fortune to be called and at once embarked on the argument that a Press Council, whether voluntarily or compulsorily set up, just would not work. As for proprietors meeting regularly, they should not be allowed to meet at all. The same thing should apply to editors and managers. Except for such purposes as agreeing on conditions of labor and the importation of newsprint it is the solemn duty of newspapers to wage war upon each other.

"The only way to maintain the freedom of the Press," I said, "is to preserve the disunity of the Press." As for the crazy clause in the bill about improving the training of journalists, I told the House the only way to train a young journalist is to chuck him on a newspaper. If he has printer's ink in his blood, he will survive; if he has not then he will fail.

I admitted there were all sorts of things wrong with the Press, but held that the public, not parliament, must be the jury. In every country where dictatorship planned to overthrow democracy the first move was to create an advisory committee or central council which, when the time came, could be the medium by which the freedom of the Press would be obliterated in a night. That was what this bill meant in fact, even if the sponsor of the bill did not know it.

I had a stormy passage but in the noisy engagement our Attorney-General jumped to his feet and declared: "This bill is a constitutional abortion!" Herbert Morrison's cockatoo hairdo trembled with excitement.

So we threw the bill out although with only a meagre majority of seven—but we did throw it out which is what mattered. It was too bad that the House divided on party lines because it means that when the socialists come to power again they will certainly carry some such bill through.

In the meantime the uncivil war of the newspapers goes on with unrelenting vigor, which is as it should be. If the modern British newspaper does not quite maintain the old ferocious level of controversy in which the words "our reptile contemporary" so often occurred there is still a healthy rivalry which is good for journalism and good for the country. ★



What to do until the guests leave



By ERIC NICOL

Drawing by Des English

There's always charades and spin-the-bottle
to pep up your party but watch that
the freezing weather doesn't move indoors

IF YOU'RE going to have a party. And you're sitting there in a fine spray of bitten fingernails, worrying about how to break the ice that forms over your soirées for some mysterious Arctic reason.

Your skin still creeps at the memory of the party you had last winter, when everybody, including Miss Jones, rose at midnight saying they had to drive the baby-sitter home. Miss Jones must have been pretty desperate to grab at such an unflattering excuse. The girl panicked. You were lucky there wasn't an ugly pile-up at the door.

This time you are going to make sure that your guests don't sit around clutching their drinks like streetcar stanchions and looking as though they expect the ride to get rougher. People are going to have fun! If you have to break somebody's arm they're going to stay till 1 a.m.

Now, then, what are the best ways of making sure you are not playing hostess to a gallery of Sumerian stone idols?

First, the introductions. Right here is where the first thin film of ice starts forming. People get so tensed up wondering whether you will remember their name that they never remember anybody else's. Nor does it help to funk the introductions completely and let the guests introduce themselves. The men all get to know the name of one woman (the one in the strapless evening gown) and the rest of the women sit around thinking up new names for you.

One jolly way to handle introductions is to hang a large placard around each guest's neck as he arrives, a card bearing his name and occupation, if any. This placard will simplify the name problem and also help cover what the strapless evening gown doesn't.

You will have found that, after the introductions, the most critical period of a party is the first hour. During the first hour the bashful, who always arrive early, keep rising and sinking to offer others their seat, while the drinkers who had hoped for straight rye are still sullenly getting used to your cocktails. In this period will occur those paralyzing silences when the whole assembly seizes up on you. The first time this happens, step smiling into the centre of the room and say:

"Well, now, would you like to see some color slides of our trip to Smiths Falls?"—pausing to let the full horror of this seep in, then adding—"Or would you sooner just talk?"

Normally your guests will start talking right away, almost hysterically, and won't give you a chance to get a word in edgewise for the rest of the evening.

Your next problem is to prevent splinter parties from forming in the kitchen, the basement and, in extreme cases, the bathroom. This can be frustrated by putting the refreshment in the living room. Or carry it on your head in an urn.

About 11.45 comes the last crucial stanza of your brawl. Some of the guests have lapsed into a bemused silence. The girl who has failed to attract anybody with her attempt to look inscrutable is about to get up and declare loudly that she had better get home before the fog gets worse. The whole party is waiting to be shifted into high. So you let out the clutch and shout "Game, everyone!"

What sort of game you play will depend on whether you want just to break the ice or turn it into live steam. In any event, the choosing of sides, a process that often allows the nimble to nip under a bed some place, is expedited by the numbers on the backs of the placards everybody is wearing. The odds compose one side, the evens the other.

And, after a round of charades or spin-the-bottle, your party will be so well integrated that when you give the nod to the pianist the guests will move in a cluster to the piano, to fill the night air with bellows of sentiment. When the telephone starts ringing you'll know you've got a successful party on your hands.

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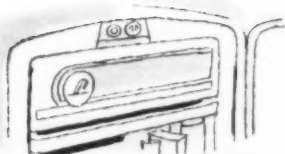
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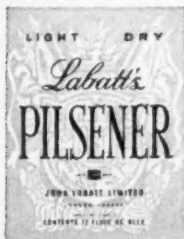
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They Sing for Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

One time, nearing the end of a broadcast, Wright sensed the singers were tiring, so, during a commercial and while the group readied to sing None But the Lonely Heart, he suddenly began hopping around in his socks, double-thumbing his nose as though he were playing a hot trumpet. Everybody started to giggle quietly, turning away from the microphone to hide any sounds. "It was goofy, but it relaxed them," Wright explained later. "Can you imagine singing None But the Lonely Heart if you're not relaxed?"

Even the program's technical preparation is informal. When the singers line up in two rows around Wright they draw a bead on the suspended mike to determine if its position is correct. One of them will suggest it's a little too high and another will advise it's too far to the left. One time, over the protests of the others, Dyls Stace, a soft-voiced soprano who takes solo parts in many of the selections, scrutinized the mike's position and insisted it was too low. Bill Manning, a white-haired robust bass, looked at the girl, then at the microphone, then at the girl again. After a moment, his face brightened. "For Pete's sake, Dyl," he said, "you're wearing your shoes!" Soloist Stace removed her shoes, looked again at the microphone and emitted an enlightened, "Gee, of course."

Once the voices are on the air they seem just itching to sing. This reflects back to Wright who eggs the performers on like an agitated charades player, beseeching them with his hands, exaggeratedly mouthing the words of every song and adding the facial and body contortions of an apache dancer. Although the broadcasts are recorded in the privacy of a London radio studio Wright insists that all lyrics be memorized. That way, the singers have nothing to look at but the conductor. Wright admits he literally "drags the notes" out of his singers, and soprano Dyls Stace agrees.

"Honestly," she said, her eyes wide, "I sometimes wonder if I could sing God Save the Queen if Don weren't conducting."

Arranger, conductor and occasional father-confessor, Wright also selects the program his chorus sings each week. This can be a trying business because he tries to make the numbers fit the theme of a narration by John Fisher, who talks about Canada for four minutes on each program. Fisher usually sends an outline of his talk to Wright in advance and sometimes they get together in Toronto to discuss it.

With no orchestra to relieve the voices through a half hour Wright must get contrast in his arrangements. And to provide contrast in each song, something different must be happening every eight bars. Basically, he has four parts to work with, soprano and alto, tenor and bass. All through the program the emphasis on each song is provided by a different section and the chorus's tremendous range brings out the contrast and contributes to the illusion of a great many voices. When the emphasis is being provided by the basses and the deep baritones, for example, he'll write little "fills"—the pauses between lines of the lyrics—into the arrangement to be sung softly and sweetly at key intervals by a high soprano. When the sopranos are carrying the song's melody he'll have a sudden and strongly contrasting roll from the basses.

The chorus spends about nine hours a week getting up a program, assembling at Wright's house at seven-thirty

every Tuesday night for the first look at the following Sunday's arrangements. Wright will already have drawn up eight or nine songs based on John Fisher's talk and he will have had each singer's parts mimeographed and ready for the first reading. They run through them a couple of times, ironing out early wrinkles and then they concentrate on one number at a time. After about three hours they break off until Thursday night when they return again, the words memorized and the parts pretty well established. After another three hours a rough dress rehearsal is held, mostly so the timing on the half-hour program can be nearly perfected. On the Sunday night there's another hour or so of final rehearsals before the show is recorded, these at the London studios of CFPL.

Don's wife, Lillian, sits behind the glass in the control room following a music score and checking the time on every number. She knows every effect her husband is after and when these fail to come through she puts a little tick on the score and then runs through them with Don, detail by detail, before the final rehearsal. As she calls each item through the sound system of the studio Don corrects it with the singers until the desired effect is achieved. The recording of Fisher's talk is worked into the program by the engineer and the whole show is then recorded on tape to be broadcast over the Dominion network two weeks later.

Wright is an energetic, fast-talking, non-smoking, rarely drinking, forty-four-year-old native of Strathroy, a town eleven miles outside London. He has blondish, thinning hair, light-blue eyes and wears glasses to correct shortsightedness. His father, now seventy-eight and equipped with the boundless energy he passed along to his son, owned a music store in Strathroy and used to bring home musical instruments so that the four boys, Clark, Ernie, Don and Bill, would learn to play them and stay out of poolrooms. There was never any danger that sister Mary, now a doctor in the psychology department at University of Western Ontario would waste her time playing pool, but she learned to handle the musical instruments anyway. The boys formed their own band as they grew older, called the Wright Brothers Orchestra. They played at the Brant Inn near Hamilton and at the Embassy in Toronto to pay their way through college.

Don was playing the trumpet at the Embassy one night when he saw a girl dance by who attracted him as no other girl had done. "I never experienced anything like it," he recalls. "I just had to meet her. And then I discovered her name was Lillian Meighen and that she was the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, twice Prime Minister of Canada. I knew I'd never get to know her."

A few of his friends at Western knew Lillian, a co-ed at University of Toronto, and they decided to introduce them, just so they could revel in his embarrassment.

"Was I embarrassed?" Don says. "All I did was date her that night, the next night and the night after that."

Now they've been married seventeen years, have three children, Timothy, fourteen, Priscilla, twelve, and Patrick, ten, all of whom are musical. They live on the outskirts of London in a large old house on three and a half acres of land. They have two female cats, called Mary and Henry, a dog and two horses. Timothy is an outstanding show horseman, and Priscilla and Patrick are becoming good riders.

Don was an outstanding athlete and scholar at the University of Western Ontario. His broad-jump of twenty-



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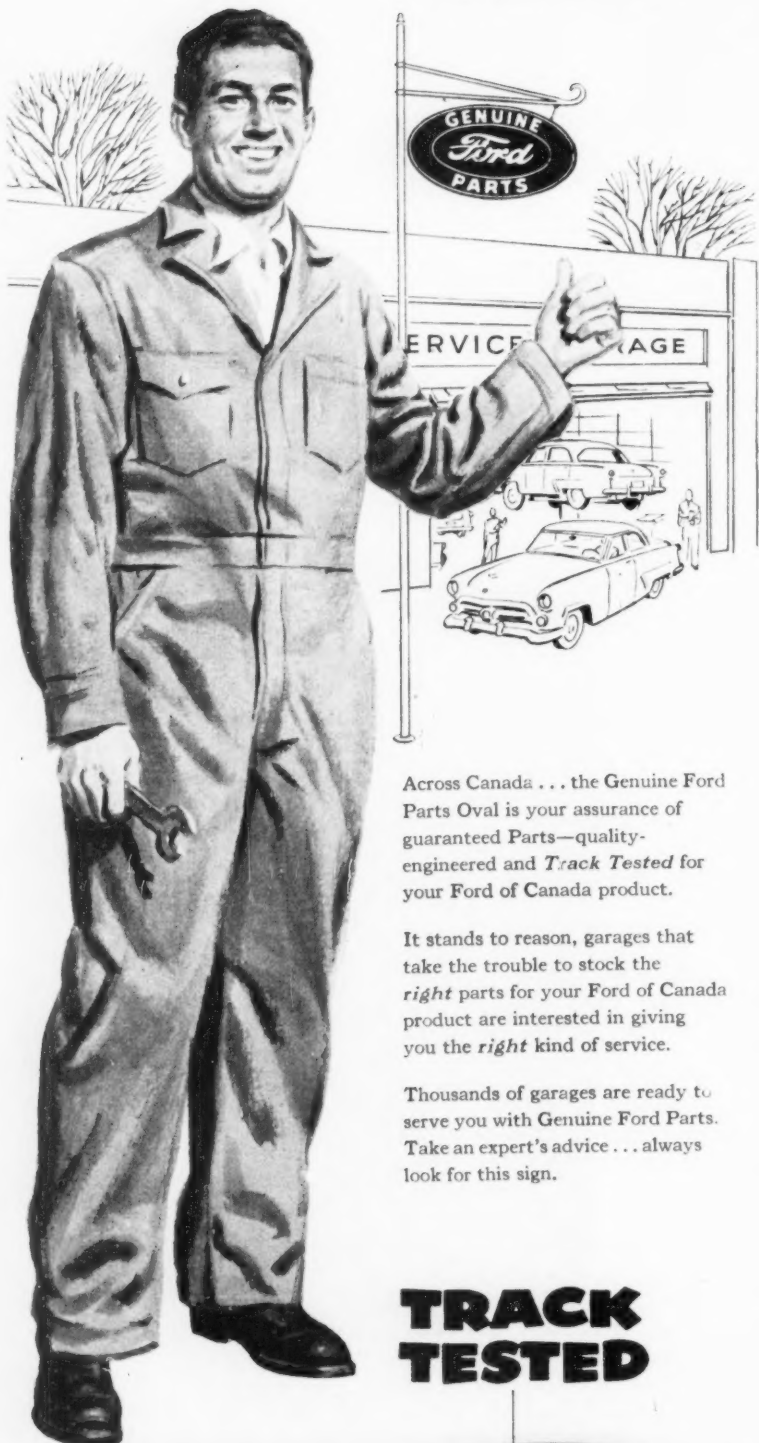


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three feet, eight inches is still an intermediate intercollegiate record. He led the university orchestra and organized the now famous Western band with its girl trumpeters and leggy major-ettes. In his final year, 1933, he won Western's highest scholastic award for all-round efficiency. He went on to the Ontario College of Education and then began teaching classics and history at London's Sir Adam Beck Collegiate.

Wright gained the everlasting gratitude of Latin students at Beck when, observing that they had trouble with irregular adjectives—for "big, bigger, biggest" they simply couldn't remember *magnus, major, maximus*—he introduced the jabbawocky song "Three Little Fishes," but substituted the Latin adjectives for the "ump, iddy-wuddy, bump im boo" of the refrain. There are still people around London who have forgotten all the Latin they ever learned except the irregular adjectives.

Wright wrote his first textbook on singing after he became director of music for London schools in 1940 when he ran into the problem of boys' changing voices. He finally evolved the theory that boys should sing right through the voice-changing period but that they should never sing beyond their range. When voices dropped from the treble clef to the bass clef there were times, he discovered, when a boy could hit only two or three notes. What he did was write arrangements using only those two or three notes. Thus, his students retained their interest in music and, when their voices began to settle, their scope was broadened. Wright built his conclusions into the first two textbooks, called *Youthful Voices* and *Youthful Voices, Book Two*. His third book, more advanced than the other two, is called *Let's Read Music* and like its predecessors, bids fair to have a profound effect on the accepted methods of training adolescent singers in Canadian, American and English schools.

Wright's own best instruments are the cello, which he strokes with warm affection, and the trumpet, which he can sizzle. During the war he organized and conducted three separate entertainment units and gave the troops popular ballads, novelties and brassy rides. Near the close of each show he'd hold up his hand for silence. "All right, you guys," he'd say, "you've been getting what you want all night. Now how about being quiet for a minute while we play something for the music-lovers?" He'd sit down with his cello then and solemnly play a Bach fugue or a semi-classic and he was usually surprised by an attentive reception.

He finds London, a city of ninety-six thousand, an ideal place to live and work. He is only eight minutes' drive from downtown. He has formed a company called Don Wright Productions through which he handles a good deal of commercial business. He writes advertising jingles and has members of his chorus record them—those repetitious off-beat tunes that implore people never to go around "half safe." He has turned one of the large rooms in his house into a studio in which he writes his arrangements, composes commercials and rehearses the chorus.

Wright's income is estimated to be ten thousand dollars a year for the thirty-nine weeks the chorus is on the air. His choristers currently get thirty-three dollars a broadcast and make extra money for personal appearances and recording commercial jingles.

The fourteen members get along well together, with an occasional flash of temperament. One of the strongest complaints is that they're required to broadcast in a restrained half-voice

manner because of the limitations of the microphone. "It would be easier technically to move the mike back and let them sing all out," Wright explains, "but then we'd miss the humming effect and the 'fill' notes; we'd lose our 'presence,' the feeling the listener gets that we're right in the room." The singers, nonetheless, feel they're more effective on personal appearances where they sing full voice and with extreme versatility.

Once during a concert at Woodstock, Ont., Harold Wildgust and Bill Page, tenors, peered apprehensively at Muriel Deadman, a last-minute replacement for a soprano who had become ill. Mrs. Deadman was herself recovering from an operation. Through the singing of *My Heart Stood Still* she had grown pale and had swayed on her feet. Wildgust and Page moved closer behind her as the chorus began *Auf Wiedersehen*. Then Muriel fainted. As she did Wildgust and Page placed a hand under each of her arms and moved her gently back. Two sopranos beside her moved into her place. Not missing a note the tenors moved slowly toward the back of the stage. Muriel's husband, Dr. Al Deadman, also in the chorus, backtracked too, singing lustily. The tenors placed the inert soprano behind the curtain and returned to their places. Al examined his wife, revived her, left her with stagehands and then returned to the line. Two songs later Muriel rejoined the sopranos. Not many people in the audience were aware of anything unusual.

Wright formed the chorus by accident. In 1946 Walter Blackburn, president of the London Free Press which owns radio station CFPL, asked him if he'd become manager of the station. Blackburn had been impressed by the way Don had run three shows a week for service camps. Listener interest had been sagging so Wright took live shows into the surrounding area for the broadcasts. "If you've enjoyed yourself," he'd tell the people after a show, "listen to the program again next week over CFPL."

Hoping to develop a network show Wright figured one of the things local talent could best do was sing. He settled on a mixed chorus because it was novel and because he could write arrangements and conduct it. From twelve hundred auditions he selected the CFPL Chorus, fourteen voices with a four-octave range. After a few months, with the name changed to the Don Wright Chorus, the CFPL group went national. Then the Mutual Broadcasting System in the United States heard the chorus on an exchange of programs with the CBC. Response from U. S. listeners was gratifying. Mutual requested the program be continued on an exchange basis for a second season. The chorus sang for forty-four weeks over Mutual's four-hundred-and-fifty-station network and the exchange was discontinued only because a Canadian sponsor, Westinghouse, took the program off the sustainer list in the fall of 1949.

Now well established, it will likely go on and on. Each week, Wright gives his singers two new songs, and spends his summers when the program is off the air writing new arrangements on a tiny portable four-octave organ. He goes to the family's summer cottage at Stony Lake, near Peterborough, strips to shorts, parks the portable on a rock in the sun and writes arrangements that range from low C to high C.

While he pumps the organ he sings, groping for the low notes, straining for the high, bursting out noisily on the baritone and the contralto. Just like his singers, he does it with no shoes. Unlike them, however, he also does it with no voice. ★

Boy Rocket Scientist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

it leaves even its own sound behind.

Since the days of the German V-2, the Model T of guided missiles which might have won the war for the Nazis had they had it a year earlier, many experimental missiles have been tested by Britain and the U. S. They have ranged from the size of an artillery shell to that of a large bomber, from five hundred pounds in weight to fifty thousand pounds. Their speed has varied from six hundred to three thousand miles an hour, their range from one mile to five thousand miles. The U. S. is said to have a long-range missile now nearing perfection easily capable of flying from North America to targets in Europe. According to a current U. S. army joke, missile firers are warned to duck when a long-range "bird" takes off to save themselves from being hit in the back of the head in case the missile circles the globe.

One of the difficult problems facing thirty-six-year-old DRB electronics expert, Gordon Watson, the project's chief engineer, is the finding of super-sonic aerodynamicists to work under Bull. Bull, who is still waiting for a chance to cast his first ballot in an election (he was attending a U. S. aerodynamic conference at the time of the last federal election), is to have a number of other aerodynamicists under his supervision. The field urgently needs new recruits.

The importance of what Jerry Bull is doing is attested by the frequency of the red ink Top Secret stamps which mark many of the documents on his desk and by the heavy padlocks which guard his filing cabinet.

People who meet him for the first time sometimes find it hard to disassociate young Dr. Bull from the bizarre, miraculous world of space cadets and breakfast-food death rays in which so many young men not much younger than he are dreaming of the scientific future. Actually Bull was a model-aircraft fanatic as a boy but he was able to take his Buck Rogers or leave it alone. Originally he thought vaguely of becoming a poet, and poetry remains his most absorbing interest next to aerodynamics.

In his modest third-floor boarding-house room, a stone's throw from where General Wolfe died, his personal library is a strange mixture of equation-filled textbooks and poetry anthologies. After a busy day of plotting air-flow graphs he frequently relaxes by wandering alone across the Plains of Abraham and reconstructing the 1759 battle which was the great turning point in Canadian history. Then he crawls into bed with a book of poems. His favorite is a volume of Longfellow in which The Day Is Done has been turned up

so often that the book opens automatically at that point:

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

One feature of the battle for Quebec which fascinates him is the fact that on the eve of the Plains of Abraham battle Wolfe led his army flotilla upstream reciting Gray's Elegy In A Country Churchyard. "He was a good judge of poetry," Bull comments. Wolfe is described as a rather odd and cultured personality who was difficult to understand intimately. Bull, a kindred type, would have understood him.

Bull is good-looking, of medium height and weight (five feet eight and one hundred and fifty pounds), with wavy almost-black hair and rather large compelling eyes. He talks vivaciously about his hobbies and expertly about hockey, but when the conversation swings around to himself he hedges skilfully and modestly. "If you have to write anything about the guided missile, get this straight—it's a big job and what I'm doing is just a tiny part of it."

Dr. Irvine I. Glass, a University of Toronto classmate, said of him: "He's the easiest guy to get along with that I know. He gets you embroiled in terrific arguments sometimes, but just when you're starting to get mad he winds it up somehow so that you go away liking him more than ever."

He has the scientist's characteristic impatience with loose generalities. If he can do it inoffensively he sometimes delights in tearing a friend's opinions apart when he suspects the opinions are based on inadequate background knowledge. He finds other hockey fans favorite quarry. For this purpose he always posed as a minority voice in Toronto supporting the Montreal Canadiens, but when he moved into Canadian territory at Quebec he suddenly switched and became a Toronto Maple Leafs fan.

Like most young bachelors, he will also argue about girls. "Quebec girls for the most part are prettier than those of most cities I've seen, and I've looked over a lot of them," he says. "They're either frowsy or so good-looking they knock you over. There are no in-betweens." But Bull has little time for dating. So far as his closest associates know he has no steady girl friend.

Bull was born March 9, 1928, at North Bay, Ont., the second youngest of a family of ten children—three girls and seven boys. His father, George L. T. Bull, K.C., had the reputation of being one of the best criminal lawyers in Canada. His mother, Gertrude LaBrosse, was born in North Bay, daughter of one of the north's original prospectors. When Jerry was three the family moved to Toronto where the father quickly established a busy law practice. But his mother died unexpectedly a few months later and his father decided to retire. The father and nine children (one of Jerry's sisters was now married) moved to the old family homestead near Trenton, east of Toronto, and an aunt, Miss Laura Bull, who was a retired nurse became Jerry's second mother.

When Jerry was six his father, who died three years ago, remarried and returned to Toronto to practice law again. Jerry and three brothers were taken in by a married sister who lived at Sharbot Lake, north of Kingston. When he was nine Jerry spent a summer vacation with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Philip LaBrosse, on a sixty-eight-acre orchard, two miles east of

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Kingston. He fell in love with the old orchard—a love he still wistfully proclaims.

The insecurity of his childhood had left him shy and nervous. He wanted to remain with his aunt and uncle, but he was afraid to say so. On the last day, when the return for school could not be postponed any longer, Mr. and Mrs. LaBrosse drove him back to Sharbot Lake. When they arrived they discovered that nine-year-old Jerry had brought an empty suitcase—his clothes were still back in the farmhouse by the orchard.

He had to go back to Kingston. Aunt Edith LaBrosse became his fourth and final mother.

"I have no recollection of my real mother," Jerry says, "but no boy ever had finer parents than I had in Aunt Edith and Uncle Phil." And no parents are prouder of a son than Mr. and Mrs. LaBrosse are of Jerry Bull.

The LaBrosses had arranged to spend that winter in Florida. Uncle Phil took Jerry to Regiopolis College, a Jesuit resident school for boys in Kingston, where, as an undersized lad of nine, he encountered a problem that has dogged him ever since. The headmaster looked him over sternly. "How old?" "Nine." "Sorry, the laddie's too young." But the headmaster agreed to admit Jerry on the understanding he be removed as soon as the LaBrosses returned. Two months later Uncle Phil called in again to pick up Jerry. The headmaster's attitude had changed: "He's a fine boy, that. An excellent student. It's very bad, changing schools in midterm. Jerry should stay here." So Jerry spent six years at Regiopolis.

That first year with the LaBrosses, a small boy for nine and still believing in Santa Claus, he had his first real Christmas. He had had few toys in his life before. He was introduced to aerodynamics by a couple of balsa-wood model-plane building kits. The delicate adjustments of wing angles and balance required to make a model fly fascinated him. After that he made model planes, flew them and wrecked them as fast as he could induce his aunt and uncle to supply him with kits. Later he abandoned the prefabricated kits and designed his own.

"He was always building planes," recalls Mrs. LaBrosse. "When I went shopping he insisted in coming along to make sure I bought the breakfast cereal with the plane designs on the box. It didn't matter whether it was eaten or not."

Periodically, and admittedly with less success, he tried creating poetry instead of planes. Most of his poems seemed to be about the old orchard. He is thankful today that none of them was preserved.

In 1942 the LaBrosses moved to Toronto. Jerry liked Regiopolis so well that the next year he returned and completed his senior matriculation there. He was only sixteen, but he thought his school days had ended. That summer of 1944, he went to work—back in the old Kingston orchard for its new owner.

But in Toronto his aunt and uncle were discussing other plans. Early in September LaBrosse wrote to Jerry. Would he like to be a doctor? Jerry wrote back immediately. He didn't want to be a doctor, but the University of Toronto was opening a new four-year course in aeronautical engineering, and this he was interested in. If his aunt and uncle would support him for another two years, he was sure he could finance the last two by working summers.

LaBrosse went to arrange for Jerry's enrolment. The problem of age reared its head again. "It's too difficult a



VICTORIA



ELIZABETH

A DISTINGUISHED and revealing study of British royalty, especially written for this Coronation year by Pierre Berton, will begin in the March 15 issue of Maclean's:

THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

Elizabeth the Second . . . her training for the throne . . . her family . . . her famous uncle, the Duke of Windsor . . . her fascinating ancestors . . . the role the British monarchy plays in the troubled, insecure world of today.

THE FIRST OF SEVEN PARTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE

course for a sixteen-year-old to start," he was told. LaBrosse argued. The professor agreed to have a look at the boy. Jerry came to Toronto, the professor talked with him for a few minutes and accepted him as the youngest member of the course.

Four years later he graduated as a bachelor of applied science in aeronautical engineering, and took a drafting job with A. V. Roe aircraft company near Toronto.

During his four years of study, aircraft development had slowed almost to a stop because of the sonic barrier problem.

Supersonics was a new and unknown field that had been only briefly touched by Jerry in his aeronautical engineering. The riddle of the shock wave was an intriguing challenge to him. But at A. V. Roe there was no opportunity for him to work on supersonics.

At this time, 1948, the Institute of Aerophysics for research and teaching in supersonic aerodynamics was being established under Dr. Gordon N. Patterson at the University of Toronto. The institute was sponsored and largely financed by the government's Defense Research Board. Little actual teaching could be done, for supersonics was then so unexplored that students had to work on individual research projects and teach themselves. Accepted students were handed research assignments by DRB, were paid an honorarium of two thousand dollars a year and became more or less DRB employees. Their research work and theses then entitled them to MA and Ph.D degrees. DRB started the institute on its way with a grant of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Jerry resigned from A. V. Roe and applied for enrollment in the institute. His youth almost barred him again. Most applicants were much older students, many of them married veterans with overseas service. Bull, twenty but looking younger, appeared almost a child in comparison.

Institute students are selected with great care. Only twelve students can be accommodated at a time and, since Ph.D work requires a minimum of three years, only four can be accepted each year. It costs about sixteen thousand dollars to put a student through to Ph.D level in supersonic aerodynamics,

not counting the several hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment he must use in his research.

Bull appeared to the selection committee as too immature to gamble with. Patterson, however, recognized that he had rare qualities.

"As an undergraduate, he was a better-than-average student, but not an outstanding one," Patterson recalls. "I've had more brilliant students academically. But he had shown tremendous energy. As I was to discover later, sometimes not too happily, he had terrific ability to stick with a tough job and get things done, no matter what the obstacles."

These arguments Patterson put before the committee selecting the class of 1948. Fifteen other aeronautical-engineering graduates of the previous year had applied. Bull, the youngest, was the only one of this group accepted.

Bull began the most exhausting period of his life, and three years later left the Institute of Aerophysics fifteen pounds lighter, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and one of the youngest Ph.Ds the University of Toronto has ever turned out.

He threw himself completely into supersonics research, worked nights, week ends, at times around the clock. "He knows no hours," Patterson says. "The average chap working with him a month would have to sleep three days afterward to catch up the sleep lost."

Bull's first task was to team up with Doug Henshaw, another student, on the designing of the institute's first small supersonic wind tunnel. After several months Bull and Henshaw were ready late one night to assemble their tunnel. It was to be about seven feet long. They discovered there wasn't room enough in their tiny quarters at the University of Toronto. Bull decided there was no time to redesign the tunnel to fit the space, for they had to get moving on their research—the space had to be redesigned to fit the tunnel. And the tunnel would fit in one position if a ten-inch hole were knocked out of a partition so that one large valve could protrude into Dr. Patterson's office. Patterson arrived next morning to discover his desk crowded into another corner and the wind-tunnel valve sticking through the wall where his desk had been.

"That was just the start," Patterson



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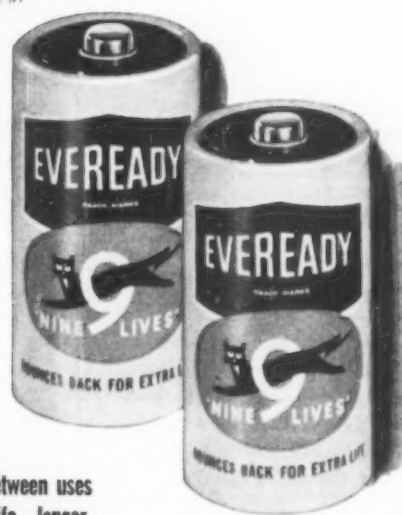
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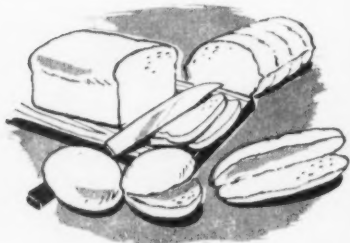
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Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

recalls ruefully. "I was only beginning to get acquainted with Jerry Bull."

Bull and Henshaw soon afterward had to start work on a larger wind tunnel. The air storage chamber, a metal tank about six feet high and three feet in diameter, was being produced by an outside firm to their specifications. Late one afternoon the tank was delivered and Bull and Henshaw brought it up to their quarters on the elevator. They discovered the firm had not followed specifications exactly and the tank was about one inch too wide to go through the door. Bull wouldn't consider waiting for another tank. They quietly left the tank outside in the hall, then that night returned and tore the door frame out to get the tank inside. Next day there were official enquiries about why the door frame at Room 36 was split and slightly askew. It had to be replaced.

"I don't know whether Dr. Patterson ever noticed that our tank was bigger than the door," Bull says. "If he did he never mentioned it."

Later Bull and Henshaw found it necessary with Patterson's reluctant consent to make further adjustments. Next morning Patterson arrived, found that a partition had been entirely removed and that his office had practically disappeared. He had to climb over the top of the wind tunnel to reach his desk. His lips pressed thin in resignation, he climbed across it and went to work.

After that Bull and Henshaw were frequently sitting on the edge of Patterson's desk as they worked with the wind tunnel. Periodically, as he tried to concentrate on desk work, Patterson was almost lifted from his chair by the ear-rending screech of a blast of air shooting at two or three times the speed of sound through the wind tunnel four or five feet away.

One morning late in the spring of 1949, when Jerry Bull was rushing work for his MA thesis, Patterson reached his mutilated office, climbed over the wind tunnel, pulled out his chair, sat down and thought he must have landed on a pin cushion. He leaped up and discovered the chair seat covered with splintered glass. Bull and Henshaw had got the wind tunnel working too well the night before, had pushed it up to three times the speed of sound and exploded the big four-foot-long observation windows in the side of the tunnel. Pulverized glass had covered everything and Patterson was finding glass chips among his books and papers for months afterward.

Patterson had been campaigning for new quarters for some time. The glass shower was the last straw. "I think he was getting fed up and I can't blame him," Bull says. A few months later the RCAF provided the Institute of

Aerophysics with much larger quarters at Downsview Airport, north of Toronto.

Bull's first two supersonic wind tunnels were for preliminary study out of which DRB hoped that the institute could develop a much larger tunnel for more advanced research. As soon as the institute acquired its larger quarters work began at once on a huge two-hundred-thousand-dollar tunnel to be capable of producing air speeds up to seven times the velocity of sound (5,500 miles an hour). Patterson studied similar tunnels in the U. S., few of which were as large as the one planned for Downsview. On his return, he and his research associate at the institute, Dr. Irvine I. Glass, got the big project organized. Bull's assignment was the design and perfection of the test section of the wind tunnel—the critical "nozzle" section where the highest air velocity had to be produced and where the actual testing of models was to take place.

The job took a year and a half. The vacuum tank required was much too large for the interior of the building and was built in the form of a forty-foot sphere against the outside of the building. Pumping the air out of it for the vacuum which, when the starting valve is opened, produces the supersonic air flow, takes over an hour, and the sphere is constructed of carefully fitted three-quarter-inch steel plate to withstand the pressure. The observation windows on the sides of the wind tunnel consist of one-and-a-quarter-inch glass.

Late in the summer of 1950 the wind tunnel was nearing completion and plans were made for a formal opening of the Institute of Aerophysics to be highlighted by a wind-tunnel demonstration on Sept. 26. It was to be a big affair. In addition to Canadian aeronautical and defense experts, officials were also to be present from Britain, the U. S., Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Air Marshal W. A. Curtis of the RCAF would be present to push the button and give the wind tunnel its first official test.

Patterson, Glass, Bull and the other students were working night and day to have the tunnel completed in time. At the same time Bull was also hard at work on his Ph.D. thesis.

"Jerry was working much too hard," his aunt recalls of this period. "On nights that he didn't stay at the institute he would come home, have dinner, go in his room to study and close the door at seven o'clock. At eleven or twelve when we were going to bed we would knock on his door and tell him he should get some sleep. Through the crack under the door we'd see his light go out. Then in a little while it would come back on again. He would wait until we were in bed, then he'd get up again and continue studying."

On Sept. 23, three days before the big opening day, the wind tunnel was completed, everything tightened up and ready. That night they partially pumped out the big vacuum sphere and gave the wind tunnel a short test run. No attempt was made to get a supersonic air velocity, but in this incomplete test everything appeared to be satisfactory.

Next day the floor was being painted and they couldn't get near the wind tunnel until late on the afternoon of Sept. 25, the final day. This time the vacuum sphere was completely pumped out and the starting button pushed for a full-scale test. The air screeched through. Everyone eyed the observation windows eagerly. But no shock wave appeared. The tunnel, designed to produce an air flow seven times the speed of sound, was falling short of even the speed of sound itself. Patterson



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MARCH ISSUE

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MACLEAN'S

and his students stared blankly at each other refusing to believe it. Could their year and a half of work and the expenditure of close to two hundred thousand dollars have been based on miscalculations?

When they examined the packing which kept the wind-tunnel section of the apparatus airtight a ray of hope appeared. There were signs that it might be leaking. But to repack it would require the removal and replacement of some four hundred nuts and bolts. There was no other way out. It had to be done.

About eleven o'clock that night the tedious repacking task was completed. Examination of the packing material had proven that it was faulty. Patterson and his men felt certain now that the wind tunnel would live up to its specifications. They were exhausted and it would take an hour or two to pump out the vacuum sphere for another test. The inexhaustible Jerry Bull and a couple of machinists volunteered to stay and give the tunnel another test while the others went home to sleep.

The vacuum sphere was pumped out

and, about one a.m., Jerry pushed the button for another test. The whine of air inside rose to an ear-splitting shriek. A clearly discernible shock wave formed. The wind tunnel was functioning perfectly, pulling the air through it at a speed well in excess of the velocity of sound. Jerry and the machinists gleefully started pounding each other on the back.

But it was all over in a few seconds. There was an explosive crash, a couple of echoing thuds, the wind tunnel shook, and the whine of air rushing through it suddenly became silent.

Bull knew what had happened. Inside were two ten-foot-long blocks of wood which gave the tunnel its interior contour. The desired hardwood hadn't been available in time and they had had to use softwood. Jerry knew without dismantling the tunnel that the intense suction of supersonic-flowing air had pulled the heads of the bolts through the wood and the blocks had ripped loose and shot like artillery shells against the vacuum sphere end of the tunnel.

To repair the damage meant removing and replacing those four-hundred-odd nuts and bolts all over again. And now Jerry was alone except for two machinists. The dignitaries would be arriving for the grand opening in another twelve hours.

They had just begun dismantling the tunnel for the second time that night when a door opened and Dean Kenneth F. Tupper, head of the university engineering department, walked in. Tupper was driving home late alone, saw the lights of the institute still on, and dropped in. He was wearing a business suit, Bull and the machinists were in overalls. The dean threw off his coat, put on a smock and dug in. When someone had to crawl into the tunnel to loosen bolts from the inside Tupper insisted on doing it himself.

"It was the most tedious job I ever did," Bull says. "We'd never have been able to finish it if the dean hadn't worked like a galley slave to help us."

By 3.30 a.m. the wooden blocks were securely replaced, the tunnel fitted back together and ready for another test. No one felt like waiting for the sphere to be pumped out. The dean treated the boys to breakfast at an all-night restaurant and Bull went home for a couple of hours of sleep.

He was back at ten o'clock that morning. At eleven, with only two hours to spare, the wind tunnel was put through another test. This time there was no mishap. It worked perfectly. Patterson and the students relaxed and waited for the VIPs to arrive.

That afternoon Air Marshal Curtis pushed the button for the tunnel's first official run. Nothing happened. Down near the front of the audience Jerry Bull started trembling. Patterson, standing beside Air Marshal Curtis, reached behind him and gave the button a harder poke. The switch had merely failed to make contact. This time the wind tunnel started up with a piercing whine.

About this time the RCAF had decided that if we waited for a perfected U. K. or U. S. model Canada would probably not be able to start producing missiles of its own for years, because the other nations would have to concentrate on their own home production before they could start teaching the production technique to anyone else. By creating our own guided missile from scratch, Canadian defense authorities hoped to have a missile especially designed for Canadian requirements much sooner. At the same time the project, by encouraging young Canadian scientists to stay in Canada, would build up a team of Canadian experts experienced in missile pro-

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1 20-oz. can peach halves or slices	1/2 cup canned orange juice
1/4 cup brown sugar	3 whole cloves
2 teaspoons cornstarch	3 whole allspice
dash of salt	

Drain peaches, reserve juice and measure 1/2 cup. Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in a saucepan. Stir in 1/2 cup peach juice and orange juice. Add spices. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add peaches and simmer 5 minutes. Cool. Serve with plain cream, whipped cream or over baked custard, tapioca or vanilla pudding or vanilla ice cream. 6 Servings.

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duction and handling, ready to swing into action the moment a guided missile is perfected.

The RCAF asked DRB to produce plans for a guided missile which could be turned over to industry for mass production. DRB appointed Gordon Watson to recruit the required scientists and organize the research team. As project engineer Watson is responsible for co-ordinating the scattered research activities; as one of DRB's highest qualified electronics scientists he is also directing the development of the missile's intricate radar-controlled steering "brain." Watson's first move was to call in Gordon Patterson who, though a Canadian, is so widely recognized as a guided-missile authority that he has been appointed chairman of a U. S. Navy guided-missile consultant panel.

One of the first men Watson needed was a young aerodynamicist experienced in supersonics, hard-working and with flexible ideas that would enable him to co-operate closely with scientists working on other branches of the project. He had to be young simply because there are no aerodynamicists of the old school who have kept abreast of recent supersonic developments. Patterson recommended Jerry Bull.

At their first meeting Watson was sure Bull was too immature for a position that would, before long, require him to direct the work of scientists much older than himself. But, after a half-hour interview, Bull had the job of making Canada's guided missile fly.

He went to CARDE, polishing up his Ph.D. thesis on the train during the trip, and returned to the University of Toronto to receive his doctorate in May 1951.

Since then, the story of what Jerry Bull has done is a top secret story hidden in the vaults and padlocked filing cabinets of CARDE. He has not remained at CARDE longer than a month at any one time because the need for consultation with British and U. S. scientists has taken him numerous times to Washington, Langley Field, Va., New York, San Francisco and, for a month last fall, on a tour of research establishments in Britain.

Defense Research Board officials will say only that the boy who had no permanent home until he was nine "is doing an outstanding job for Canada."

Two years ago Bull was offered double his starting CARDE salary to join a U. S. government research project. He was told: "We don't know what you are earning now, but whatever it is we'll double it." But Jerry thinks Canada has been very kind to him and he stayed where he was.

Does he have any qualms about being employed on the creation of a weapon which, when fitted with an atomic bomb warhead, will be more fearsome than anything science has yet perfected? He is too deep a thinker not to have considered it.

"What we are learning about supersonic aerodynamics can have many civilian applications," he states. "It can provide us with safer and faster air travel. It will help us to conquer space, man's last frontier. Someday guided missiles may carry mail and express instead of a warhead, and a letter mailed in Vancouver could be in Halifax an hour later."

As for the guided missile itself . . . "War will never occur until a nation planning aggression thinks it can win. As long as the nations desiring peace can maintain better weapons than the nations desiring war there is a deterrent to aggression. Then they are not weapons of war, but weapons of peace." ★

The Dumbest Cluck on the Farm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

through her drinking water the minute she shows signs of almost any of the manifold ailments to which she is heir, she'll usually snap out of it so fast that she won't even have time to enjoy talking about it with her hen friends.

She'll work herself to a frazzle as

long as she can see. If the lights are turned on before dawn and left on after dark, for a period equivalent to the length of a June day, and the coop is kept at springtime temperature, she'll try to lay an egg a day. Taking her eggs away from her as fast as she lays them only makes her more persistent. She supports one of the world's biggest industries simply by her determination in the face of staggering odds to present someone with a baby.

With frenzied self-sacrificing zeal she eats special laying mash and sticks to a menu of forced feeding that matures

her so fast that, whereas she'd ordinarily do nothing but collect autographs her first year, now if she's six months old and not laying, she's ready for the bride's counsel. Although reports persist of hens laying three hundred and sixty-five eggs a year and more, poultrymen regard the individual hen show-off the way a coach regards a player who wants to score all the goals. The really significant thing is the Official Record of Performance, based on the laying average of a flock during a period of three hundred and five days, or ten months. Two hundred

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beliefs. But to Catholics, Holy Scripture tells us plainly that Christ did establish a priesthood to represent Him . . . that He did command His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations" . . . that He did say: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them" . . . that at the Last Supper He set the example for an unbloody sacrifice, and said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

God is, certainly, the ultimate source of everything. But He works through many "deputies." He uses the farmer to supply us with food . . . our parents, teachers, and scholars to educate us . . . physicians to treat our physical ills. Even in the creation of our life itself, He manifests His power through our parents. And in matters concerning the salvation of our souls, He tells us: "Hear the Church."



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and forty eggs per hen on an ORP basis is a good show, but poultrymen are already talking of the four-hundred-egg hen the way people talk of the four-minute mile.

Two hens today lay about as many eggs as three hens did twenty-five years ago. A Chilean hen has laid blue eggs for Easter. A Virginia hen has set on eggs into which dye had been injected and hatched fifty chicks colored like confetti. An English hen in Little Torrington, Devon, laid twenty-one eggs in four hours, and a Rhode Island Red in West Liberty, Ohio, got so excited by U. S. editorials about American leadership that she laid two eggs a day for a month and died.

The hen has adapted herself to a life of unselfish service that is unequalled in the animal world. Even her family is now mass-produced. She gets broody now and then when, tired of cold-eyed promoters taking her for granted, she tries to settle down and raise a family. But the old way of the old girl fussing over her chicks is as outdated as the taffy pull. Now, by scientific formula, she gets one rooster to every fourteen hens, with one to spare in case one starts standing around blowing on his nails. Her eggs, of which sixty to seventy percent are fertile, are put in massive incubating machines.

The chick still gets out of the shell the old way, pipping a tiny hole with an egg tooth, a tiny projection on the end of its beak, till it has an end of the egg loosened as if it were ready to serve for breakfast. It works like mad for forty minutes, pushing on the cap, till it breaks out, falls flat on its face and lies there, like a woman after a hard washday, for five minutes before standing on its feet. About four hours from the time it first knocked a hole in the shell, it's ready to start on a tight lifetime schedule, knowing no mother but an electric bulb, taught to roost by man.

The laying hen's only comfort in all this is the knowledge that the males of her species, except for a few playboys she meets, are being pushed through life at the same mad pace. Modern rations will turn a baby chick into a three-and-a-half-pound bird in ten and a half to twelve weeks.

In intelligence tests such as those devised by the animal behavior laboratory of the American Museum of Natural History, the hen puts up a poor show. She persists in coping with novel situations in old unsuitable ways. If food is put behind a wire mesh fence that she can easily walk around she'll make a spectacle of herself trying to leap through the wire, ruffling her feathers, squawking her indignation, looking as if she is blaming the weather, the men, her feet and the museum, and doing everything but go around the end of the fence. She doesn't get many ideas, and she's a flop at retaining the ones she does get, a fact she reveals in a maze test where she is required to find the way out of a system of passageways that lead to a number of dead ends with just one right way out. The speed at which an animal can work its way out depends on how well it remembers and gradually eliminates wrong turns. In the group with which a chick was tested, the rating was: 1, kitten; 2, white rat; 3, fish; 4, guinea pig; 5, chick; 6, turtle. The hen's only comfort in seeing her child bring home such a poor report card was that in another similar test, a rat got out of his maze faster than nineteen blindfolded American college girls got out of theirs.

In another test, food is placed under one of several boxes which the hen can lift and look under. When she has found the food it is shifted to another

box, until she finds that, and from then on it's moved back and forth between these two boxes at regular intervals. The chicken can never remember which one it's going to be under next, forgetting which one it was under last as fast as a woman leaving her purse in a restaurant.

In a device called a puzzle box a bright animal like a raccoon will learn how to get food by operating a series of simple mechanisms, like pulling a cord and stepping on a pedal, but the hen couldn't be more at a loss if she were working a gear shift. One hen, put in a puzzle box, whirled her head to pluck a feather and accidentally tripped a cord that released some food when she was supposed to figure it out by deductive reasoning. From then on she gaily twirled her head and pulled out a feather every time she wanted something to eat.

But the hen really shines when it comes to counting. If a row of kernels of corn are laid out and every third one left loose and the others glued down, she starts counting "One, two, three PECK," passing up the two glued ones in every three and grabbing the third. She also has remarkably keen eyesight, and can tell the difference between squares, circles and triangles. If an owner puts on a new shirt or leaves off his glasses, she spots it right away and quite often panics, thinking that the clothes make the man and this new one is up to no good.

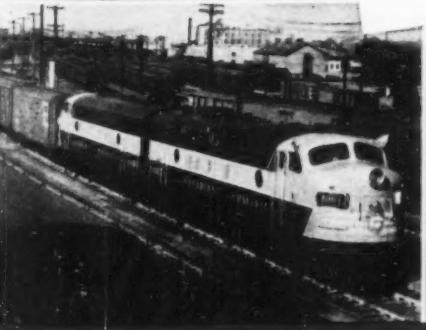
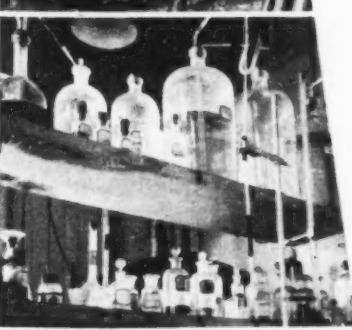
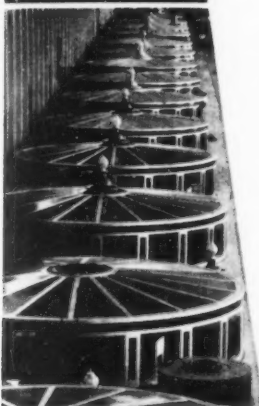
A Paragon of Productivity

She is a rank social snob. As soon as two or more hens get together they establish a definite peck order. The top hen has the right to peck every other hen without retaliation. In a flock of two hundred hens unidentifiable to man, one hen will be the head peck. The bottom hen sits around and gathers phobias. Two hens never live in the same yard without establishing their peck order. If two strangers meet they have it out on the spot. There are individual screaming revolts against the peck order, but never organized insurrection. Every new hen has to peck it out with all the reigning society queens before she's accepted.

But, for all the hen's faults, she's been sitting on a clutch of sound domestic values since men first lashed a rock to a stick and started braining one another. Life isn't made up of passing exams and winning personality contests and, like a lot of people who don't show up so well at either, the hen's been doing a lot more good than a lot of sharp characters like the rat, who has a good brain but puts it to a dubious purpose.

In a world gone giddy the hen, with the feminine disregard for logic of a woman walking amid the flying cues of a poolroom brawl to tell her husband his supper is ready, keeps right on laying eggs, a model of peace, order and sanity; she's demanding and apt to get unhappy if she isn't given plenty of attention but, if given a proper home and work to do, is a paragon of productivity and domesticity. In spite of being chased shrieking over the pages of old joke books she matches the breakup of marriage with bigger and better broods.

Who's to blame her if now and then she relieves her long, epic, heroic history with a bit of fun? A farmer recently noticed that one of his hens was going up on to a porch roof to lay her eggs. The rooster went up with her. When the egg was laid the two of them sat there almost smiling as it rolled off and smashed on the ground. All man can do is hope that she doesn't pass on the idea to the rest of the hens. ★

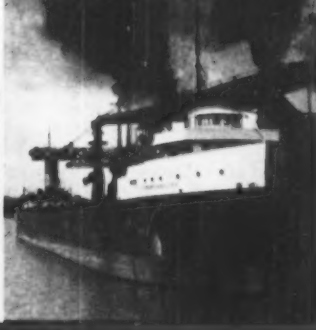


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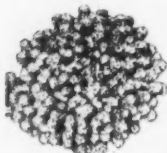
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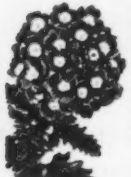


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The Teachers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

told me, "The teachers I'm training are immature. They regard everything I say as sacred. When I say good-morning they write it down in their notebooks." Yet Alberta ranks as one of our most progressive provinces in teacher-training policies.

Ironically, these free - and - easy recruiting measures to boost normal-school enrollments have had the opposite effect. In the past year the number of teachers in training in Manitoba and British Columbia has decreased by one tenth. The New Brunswick Teachers' College had three hundred students in 1938; today it has one hundred and thirty-four. Many educators believe that all this points up an obvious moral: the best type of youngster gravitates toward a profession where the requirements are stiff and challenging. And fewer parents seem to want their children to become teachers. "Don't be a damn fool" was the comment of an Edmonton doctor when his son expressed a desire to teach.

Many educators feel their profession will never achieve real status as long as a nine-month normal course will earn an elementary-school teacher's certificate. They point out that most professions require an average of four and a half years in university. "In a year the student teacher can only pick up a few techniques, learn how to cater to the inspector and get some of the children through exams," says Dr. M. V. Marshall, of Acadia University. Modern schools demand teachers with a broad background. Yet in many normal schools, sixty percent of the students come from rural areas and possess a narrow cultural and social outlook. "What can these people know after a few months?" asks Dr. LaZerte. A large number of educators think that all teachers—in elementary and high schools—should possess a university degree. A veteran Alberta teacher who has taught in all grades told me, "When I teach six and seven year olds it takes all the skill I've got. What more can I give to any other class?"

Do our normal schools make the most of the nine months in which they have to transform high-school youths into teachers? Perhaps the most authoritative answer is to be found in the research report, *The Status of the Teaching Profession*, published by the Canadian Education Association in 1948. An examination of nine teacher-training centres pointed out many alarming weaknesses. Some students received as little as twenty hours of practice teaching before being turned loose in the classroom on their own. In many schools, students were burdened with fifteen to twenty courses—most of them repetitious—teaching the teacher how to teach specific elementary-school subjects. Few institutions were devoting sufficient time to cultural subjects or to broad professional subjects such as the psychology and philosophy of education and child development and growth. That is why the report concluded, "If teacher training continues to be overburdened with such a multifarious load of special techniques . . . it is sheer hypocrisy to claim professional status for technicians so produced." In the same survey hundreds of normal students and graduates were asked for an evaluation of their training: forty-six percent said it was "repetitious," twenty-three percent said it was "generally ineffective."

"All we can do for our students is to give them a bag of tricks to take to the classroom," one of the heads of an

eastern training school told me. That is what Frank Wilson, a Vancouver school trustee, meant when he said not long ago, "Any resemblance between an educational expert and an educated man is purely accidental."

The teachers' struggle for recognition is being further handicapped because teacher-training schools now issue a bewildering variety of degrees and certificates. There are close to seventy. A certificate issued in one province is not honored in another. Dr. J. W. Tait, director of teacher training, Saskatchewan, states bluntly, "We teachers have too many certificates to have any value attached to any one of them. If there were ten different kinds of lawyers or doctors their prestige would surely fall."

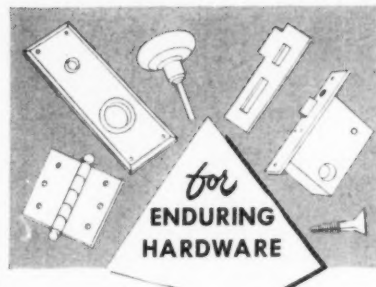
Normal schools might do a better job if provincial departments of education were more imaginative. Like the medical-training school, the teacher-training school should be staffed by men of high calibre and broad experience; it should be a centre of research and a clearing house for new ideas. Staff members should be encouraged to broaden their educational insight by opportunities to study and travel. Their salaries should be among the highest in the teaching profession.

These favorable conditions seldom exist. The principal of the normal school in Ottawa receives about the same pay as a vice-principal of a high school in the same city. Staffs are frequently overworked. The head of one university school of education teaches four subjects, directs summer school and runs a placement service for students. Until a few months ago he was without secretarial help; now he has a student working for him part time. He gets \$4,500 a year. Normal-school staff members are seldom given expenses to attend important conventions and can't afford to go on their own. At least one normal-school teacher is now taking a one-year course in the United States without a penny's help. "I can only do this because I'm a bachelor," he says. "I'll be dead broke when I get back."

Some of our training schools are beginning to introduce reforms. Ontario is about to stretch the normal-school course to two years, for applications lacking complete senior matriculation. Alberta has transferred its one-year students to the university. The Manitoba normal school now maintains a residence just outside Winnipeg where students are encouraged to participate in the city's cultural activities. Saskatchewan has revamped its course completely.

Out in the field, salaries are probably the most frequent source of the teacher's irritation, although during the past few years there has been a considerable improvement. In Calgary, Windsor and Vancouver, an elementary-school teacher can earn as much as \$4,130, \$4,400 and \$4,900 (the first two have a cost-of-living bonus as well). High-school teachers usually earn three to five hundred dollars more. Principals do even better. Elementary-school principals in a big city like Toronto can go as high as \$6,600; secondary-school principals rate up to \$7,400.

But most teachers are employed outside such favored areas. In 1949 the average Canadian teacher earned \$1,855. That was the year the average doctor made \$9,008, the lawyer \$9,532, the engineer and architect \$10,428. In wealthy Ontario there are nearly five hundred male teachers getting less than \$2,000. In parts of rural Manitoba, teachers start at \$1,650 and can't rise above \$2,650, even at high-school level. Of Prince Edward Island's seven hundred and thirty-four teachers, eighty-four percent are getting less than



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\$1,800 a year. As late as 1950, in Quebec, the average earning of the lay female teacher was \$812.

Low salaries have forced many teachers to take extra jobs. In Halifax two high-school teachers are radio announcers; another works as a garage mechanic until 2 a.m. A Prince Edward Island teacher who tried to eke out a living by running a farm on the side collapsed from sheer physical exhaustion. The Ottawa Catholic Separate School Board tides its teachers over the summer by employing them to repair school property. A board official told me, "They are better paid for that than for teaching." I found teachers all over Canada working after school hours or during the summer holidays — and sometimes both — as janitors, farm laborers, cab drivers, wallpaper salesmen.

No wonder that thousands of teachers switch to more lucrative fields. "We are a profession of gypsies," says Marian Gimby, head of the Alberta Teachers' Association. "Seven thousand teachers leave the profession every year." Of twelve girls employed by a bank in Saskatoon ten were former teachers. In Vancouver, probationary firemen and policemen earn slightly more than the teaching novice with a degree. Of sixty-six thousand teachers trained in Canada between 1938-47 only twenty-six thousand five hundred were still in the classroom in 1948.

Disheartening retirement and pension policies, which are usually a provincial matter, cause many a teacher to think twice about devoting his life to the profession. In most provinces men teachers are arbitrarily retired at sixty-five, women at sixty. In Nova Scotia it's sixty and fifty-five. But, according to teachers' organizations, at least half the teachers of retiring age are able, vigorous and near the peak of their teaching skill. What's more, ninety-five percent of retired teachers — if an Alberta survey is any indication — don't want to retire.

Probably the meagerness of their pensions is one reason why many teachers dread retirement. Pensions are usually based on a percentage of

the teacher's earnings during the last ten or fifteen years of teaching. Since the average teacher in Canada was earning sixteen dollars a week in 1939, this has condemned many a retiring teacher to real poverty. In Saskatchewan, where many pensions are in the six-hundred-dollar area, a teacher retired in 1945 after forty years of service. She was forced to move from her apartment into a room, drop her insurance and give up many of her pastimes and friends.

And yet, in every province I visited, I found large numbers of dedicated teachers who found deep and satisfying values in their work. There was the Quebec teacher who told me how, in the last week, he had helped an eight-year-old overcome one of his fears and a teen-ager plan his future, and then added: "I'm grateful I'm a teacher."

But even as he rhapsodizes, no teacher is likely to forget that the roses are liberally sprinkled with thorns. Besides the pay, there's the matter of long working hours. To many, the teacher's life seems to be a cinch, what with a twenty-seven-and-a-half-hour working week and three months' holiday.

Conscientious teachers — and they are in the majority — know differently. A survey of Toronto high-school staffs revealed that they worked up to sixty hours. Lowry Knight, of the Albert elementary school, Saskatoon, arrives at school soon after eight, leaves at six, averages two hours a night checking assignments, making reports and preparing for future classes. This is a fairly common workload. Student extra-curricular activities — lunch-hour meetings, evening socials and athletics — have added to the burden. On top of this, the teacher is expected to busy himself with professional matters — on his own time.

Most teachers like working with children and are reasonably happy in the classroom. But what does bring their blood to a boil are the frequent interruptions. A group of Saskatoon teachers listed some of them for me: notes calling children away for appointments with the dentist, nurse or

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psychologist, or to attend rehearsals of school entertainments; messages from the principal, telephone calls; parents and others showing up at the door. They told me, "The school is being used too much by outside agencies." Valuable time is now being devoted to Junior Red Cross, collections for Easter seals, assembling toys for firemen to repair at Christmas time, selling tickets to raise funds for mosquito control—all valuable activities but, teachers say, not a direct part of the school's function.

"I could spend more time with my children if someone else would attend to all these extras," said a Winnipeg grade seven teacher, wistfully.

The teacher's job involves more than handling children—interruptions and all. He must also be skilled in getting along with adults. For the teacher is the central figure in a multisided relationship involving the principal, the inspector, parents, and the community.

On the job it's the principal who chiefly determines how happy—or unhappy—the teacher will be. Many principals allow their teachers a considerable voice in school policy. But many others still rule their schools in an arbitrary manner. When the Canadian Education Association questioned a cross-section of teachers, they discovered that only thirty-six percent had any say in policy and administration. By implication the rest were invited to keep their noses in the classroom only. Lack of principal-teacher teamwork weakens a school and creates unhappiness for teachers and students alike. One Ontario principal insisted on passing students whose marks were in the 30s against the recommendations of their teachers; henceforth, the frustrated teachers down-graded all their marks.

The traditional bogey of the teacher has always been the visiting inspector—a representative of the local board or provincial department of education whose job it is to maintain high educational standards. He has long been portrayed as a heartless creature, spying on the teacher. Fortunately this bogey is fast becoming extinct. Nearly all teachers now have a kind word to say about the inspector. "The term 'inspection' is a misnomer," says Mel Downey, of Edmonton's Virginia Park School. "It's really a visit with the intention of helping." Indeed, even the name of the inspector is changing; in some provinces he is now known as "supervisor" or "superintendent."

But a real weakness in our inspection system is that the inspector (or supervisor) has too little time to devote to the supervision of teachers. This is particularly true in the rural areas. Because he's the most competent man available, school boards constantly go to him with their financial, construction and personnel troubles. "It happens too often that we turn them into nothing more than business agents for



the school board," says Dr. LaZerte.

Out in the community, those most interested in the teacher—and vice versa—are the parents. Teachers' organizations are now tutoring their members in how to get along with parents. Typical advice: "Don't regard parents as merely a necessary evil."

Teachers find that such counsel is sometimes difficult to follow. For every practicing teacher has a catalogue of "parent types" who complicate his job. For example, there's the "Parent In Name Only." He believes the teacher is paid to solve all the child's physical, emotional, social and vocational problems. An Ottawa teacher phoned a mother to report that her twelve-year-old son had been late three times during the past week. "Well, why don't you make him come early?" was the reply. A nine-year-old Manitoba girl was caught stealing. She came from a home where both parents worked all day and when her teacher contacted the father, one of his first remarks was, "I'm sure glad I haven't got your job. I'd hate to have to handle that child!"

A most worrisome is the "Too Much Parent" type. She is constantly showering the teacher with phone calls, notes and personal messages. The "Unrealistic Parent" refuses to accept the limitations of her child. "My child is brilliant and should get ninety percent," she will tell the teacher. The "Pushing Parent" is one who is so ambitious for her child that she winds up by hindering, not helping him. The twelve-year-old son of an Ottawa doctor was afraid to take his report card home although his grades were good. "His father raises hell if his marks don't always go higher," his teacher told me. The "Tricky Parent" habitually fools the teacher. He writes phony excuses for his child's absence; he does the child's homework and lets him palm it off as his own.

Fortunately most parents don't belong to these categories. More than at any other time parents today are

NEXT ISSUE:

In the ninth of his national picture essays for Maclean's

YOUSUF KARSH

turns his perceptive camera on the people and the pavements of

TORONTO

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showing a lively and intelligent interest in the schools. Evidence of this is the phenomenal growth of the home-and-school movement which now embraces 2,800 local associations and 195,000 members.

Home-and-school associations are intended as a common meeting ground where parents and teachers can discuss and act on problems relating to the education of children. Within this framework the associations have achieved an impressive record. A Quebec City group held a series of panel discussions on topics such as "Homework" and "Why Kids Quit School." A Montreal group studied the thorny problem of teachers' salaries. In Nova Scotia the provincial body succeeded in reopening the question of appointing a commission to enquire into school financing.

On the debit side I frequently heard the charge that home-and-school associations are wasting the time of parents and teachers alike by doing things they're not supposed to do. Fund-raising is a case in point. By means of rummage sales, whist drives and bridge contests, some of the Saskatoon groups have raised money to purchase boards for the school rink, radios, record players, and athletic sweaters. A Halifax high school association has already collected seventeen thousand dollars for scholarships, a thousand for hymn books.

Many educators are critical of these activities. "The home-and-school association is not a ladies' aid," says Dr. Sam Laycock, one of the movement's founders. If the school is lacking vital services then the associations should be using their energy on influencing public opinion to buy them, not on whist drives and rummage sales. "We've taken a long time to take education out of the hands of private philanthropy," says Laycock. "I don't want to turn the clock back and buy equipment the whole community should be buying. I object to home-and-school trying to save the taxpayer money."

The second broadside launched

against the associations is that they are often nothing more than social and entertainment groups. Parents come, sit and listen to a talk unrelated to children and education, say nothing when it's through, then go home. Some recent home-and-school topics have included the ballet, African missionary work, socialized medicine, and Canada's foreign policy. One meeting in a Quebec community featured a peanut-pushing contest.

The Toronto headquarters officers of the Canadian Home and School and Parent-Teachers Federation are aware of these weaknesses. They know some local groups misinterpret the movement's aims and purposes. "We've mushroomed so rapidly we haven't time or money enough to go around and help all the groups that need help," they explain.

But, parents aside, how is the teacher regarded by the community in which he works and lives? Is he part of the cultural and social life? Is he respected?

My answer is this: In the centres where the people believe education is important enough to provide good schools and good salaries the teacher has achieved professional status and respectability. His rating on the occupational scale is probably just below that of the doctor, dentist, lawyer and accountant. But in our educational slum areas many individual teachers have achieved prestige not because of their profession but in spite of it. No higher tribute can be paid to their character, intelligence and personality.

On the question of status, teachers' organizations believe the teacher must lift himself up by his own bootstraps. "If we assume that we are second-class citizens then the public will treat us that way," said one official. That is why teachers are being advised to step out of their classrooms and play an active role in community life. In the last Alberta election about twenty-five teachers and ex-teachers ran for office; fourteen were elected. In Vancouver, Bert Wales, a high-school vice-principal, is active in the Chamber of Commerce and the Community Chest. One of the most popular members of the Saint John Boosters baseball team is outfielder Joe Breen, a teacher. Ernest Whitebone sits as a councillor for Saint John County.

But in many communities—usually the rural ones—the teacher has a much harder row to hoe. He is regarded as a piece of communal property. The replies from a sample of four hundred and thirty-five rural teachers questioned by the Canadian Education Association mentioned specific restrictions placed upon their private life no fewer than three hundred and forty-four times. These included drinking, smoking, card playing, dating and playing musical instruments.

The teacher's freedom is curtailed in a hundred different ways. In the Happy Thought district, near Selkirk, Man., three teachers signed a petition favoring daylight saving time. The chairman of the school board, who was strongly anti-daylight saving, promptly fired them. "I can tell them what to think," he said. "I'm their boss." In an Ontario village an unmarried teacher was given his notice for not dancing with a trustee's daughter. Enjoying a cigarette with coffee in a main-street restaurant has cost some Manitoba women teachers their jobs. In many small towns the "suitcase teacher"—one who goes away for the week-end—is sharply criticized.

The teacher is so often praised and blamed, discussed and dissected by the public, that he can't avoid sometimes asking himself, "Are we different from everyone else? Are we a distinctive

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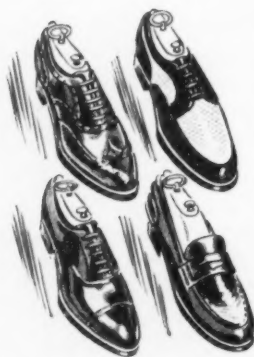
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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

HOW MANY PAIRS OF SHOES SHOULD I HAVE?



Each man's needs are different. Much depends on how many hours a day you wear one pair of shoes and how long you are actually on your feet. The best yardstick is appearance and foot comfort. Feet can be comfortable only if shoes are well fitted and in good shape.

Shoes should be treed the moment they are taken off and not worn again for at least a day or longer if possible. This allows the shoe to dry out thoroughly, regain its shape, wear longer and be more comfortable. It means also that you should have at least three pairs of shoes in use for daily wear.

There are several groups of shoe styles and simple rules of wear apply. Business and dress can be combined as only black or very brown shoes should

be worn with dressy clothes. Black is best for evenings if the suit is dark but during the day a very dark brown looks well with either dark grey or dark blue. Formal shoes should be worn with formal dress — never a street shoe.

Brown is correct for leisure and sports and this applies to all types of leathers and shoe effects. Casuals and larger shoe classifications go well also. Novelty colours have a place but brown is always best.

The weight of your shoes and the roughness of the suiting fabric you wear should be in tune. Fine tweeds for business suggests slightly heavier weight shoes than for worsteds. Tweed sports jackets go well with heavy brogue types, thick soles and perforations.

Wear loafers or slippers around the house at night. Cut grass in sneakers. Wear moccasin-type shoes for golf. Use work boots for the garden rather than a broken down pair of dressy shoes . . . you will be amazed at their solid comfort.

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breed with a special kind of personality?"

Teachers, like everyone else, are simply people. I met some women teachers who could have posed for a caricaturist: their attire was drab and they were prim and bossy. But I also met others who were young, vivacious, bright and pretty. I met men teachers who were old-maidish and ineffective and who probably entered the profession in the absence of more profitable opportunities. But I met others who were able and intelligent and who were leaders both in their schools and in their communities. Federal ministers James Gardiner and C. D. Howe, writer W. O. Mitchell, the late R. B. Bennett, M. J. Coldwell, C. D. Richards (Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick), Ivan Shultz (Attorney-General of Manitoba), and C. M. Fines, Saskatchewan's provincial treasurer, were all school teachers once.

It is undoubtedly true that the stresses and strains of teaching are so great they can leave their imprint on the personality. But after analyzing mental-health statistics Ralph Devereux, a London teacher, was able to tell an Ontario convention that "teachers are no crazier than other people." However, teachers freely admit that undesirable traits sometimes creep into their personalities. An Ottawa teacher explains, "In the classroom, you are playing God. It tends to carry over after school hours." A group of Fredericton teachers told me, "Your critical sense becomes highly developed. You often have to restrain the impulse to be hypercritical when you're with adults."

If utopian conditions are ever achieved in teaching, much of the credit will go to the teachers' professional organization, the Canadian Teachers' Federation. Now thirty-three years old, it has sixty thousand members who belong to eleven provincial organizations and contribute enough annual dues to make a budget of more than one million dollars. In nearly all parts of Canada membership is compulsory.

Collective action has been responsible for most of the gains made by teachers in recent years. In provinces where the federation is the weakest—Quebec, the Maritimes and Newfoundland—the status of the teacher is the lowest. A visit to the headquarters of most federations gives one an impression of vitality and affluence.

The federations have become increasingly militant. On Jan. 31, 1952, after their demand for a salary increase was flatly refused, two hundred and forty-three Cape Breton members of the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union walked out on strike. They were earning an average salary of \$1,492. More than twelve thousand dollars poured into the strikers' relief fund, started by the Canadian Teachers' Federation, from teachers all over Canada. The Ontario Teachers' Federation has blacklisted recalcitrant school boards. In Montreal, members of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers conducted a "cessation of extra-curricular activities" strike.

Such incidents have touched off a series of heated discussions. What exactly are the teachers' organizations? Are they labor unions or professional organizations?

Men like Charles Hulse, president of the Ontario School Trustees' Council, declares flatly, "They are a union." He points out that the federation contains practically all the features of a labor group: compulsory membership, checkoff of dues, strikes or the equivalent—mass resignations, blacklisting. "You can't have a union in a teachers' professional organization," he

Train Strain

While in a lower berth I lie,
I like the snug effect, but I
Would feel a little gladder
If I were not located where
A heavy-footed fellow-fare
Might use me as a ladder.

Richard Wheeler

says. "It's undignified, it sets a poor example to the children and it's embarrassing to many parents." To which Father Emmett Carter, of the Montreal Catholic School Commission, adds: "If you're trying to build a profession you can't strike. You can't have your cake and eat it. The teachers will destroy themselves if they become too militant."

Among the federations themselves opinion varies. The B. C. Teachers' Federation believes you can eat your cake and have it: since 1944 it has been affiliated with the Trades and Labor Congress. "That doesn't make us any the less professional," says secretary Charles Ovans. "Our status today is higher than ever before. We want professional status but we also want earnings consistent with professional status. To do this we've been forced to adopt some of labor's tactics. That's the only course open to us." Eric Ansley, of the Alberta Teachers' Association, told me, "The subject of affiliating with labor frequently comes up. It's not a dead issue."

Ontario teachers are less interested. "We don't have the same objectives as labor," says Helen Ward, of the Federation of Women Teachers' Associations. "Labor unions are largely interested in hours of work and wages; teachers are most interested in children and education." But regardless of their stand on labor affiliation all the federations subscribe to the declaration of Tom McMaster, secretary of the Manitoba Teachers' Society: "In the last analysis, we have to fight our own battles."

These battles are of an infinite variety. Negotiating with school-board trustees about salaries and working conditions is the most common. The Manitoba Teachers' Society trains its members for the bargaining table by conducting full-dress rehearsals of bargaining sessions with McMaster and his assistant playing the part of trustees. They pound the table, shout, roar, snort and generally act as tough as possible. When the teachers complain, "Why, you don't even let us open our

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mouths!" McMaster replies, "That's the way you're going to find it when you're playing for keeps."

Federation officials travel thousands of miles a year in the role of trouble fixers. A school board near Lethbridge lured three teachers into employment by promising them non-existent jobs as principal and vice-principal. (The teachers stayed on—but they taught at a principal's salary.) An Ontario high-school board wanted to fire a teacher for overburdening her pupils with homework. (The board was convinced she was a good teacher; the teacher was persuaded to give less homework.)

If a teacher violates the federation's code of ethics he can be punished. Recently the B. C. Teachers' Federation penalized six members for "contract dumping"—promising to take one job, then going to a better one that showed up.

Because teachers' salaries get a lot of publicity many people believe the sole function of the federations is to squeeze dollars out of reluctant school trustees. But the federations spend much time, money and energy trying to raise the standards of their own members and of the educational system generally. In practically every province the teachers' organization is playing a major role in curricula revision. When Ontario wanted to revise its social-studies course the Federation of Women Teachers' Associations sent one of its members, Gertrude Berguy, on a fact-finding tour which included fifty centres. They paid both her salary and expenses. The B. C. Teachers' Federation sponsors forums on education, to which parents, professional and business groups are invited. In Ottawa, Saint John, Saskatoon and dozens of other communities, committees of teachers meet with school boards to discuss how the local school system can be improved.

Last year the teachers donated thirty-eight thousand dollars for research besides doing most of the spadework themselves, edited a dozen regular magazines, sponsored hundreds of workshops, institutes, panel discussions and conventions. "Our teachers are doing an outstanding job of raising our educational standards," said Dr. R. O. MacFarlane, deputy minister of Education, Manitoba.

Teachers' organizations are only able to carry on such programs because most of their members are willing to work long, extra hours without pay. They are convinced that theirs is society's most important job. Although they frequently complain about their conditions they still like teaching. Perhaps Dr. M. E. LaZerte, a "young" teacher of almost seventy, came as close as anybody in explaining why:

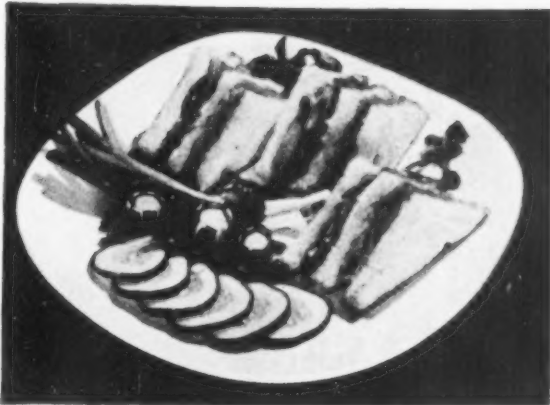
"We teachers work and live in a responsive environment with which no office, shop, store or factory can compete. We direct the growth of children; we have the pleasure of seeing them change before our very eyes. We are a favored group." ★

NEXT ISSUE:

In the second part of THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION

Sidney Katz turns the spotlight on the great debate about what kind of education our children should be getting today.

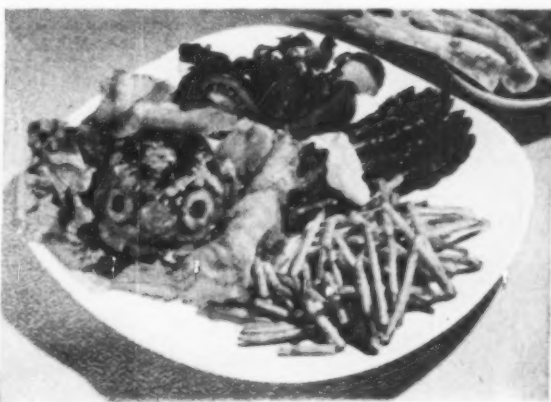
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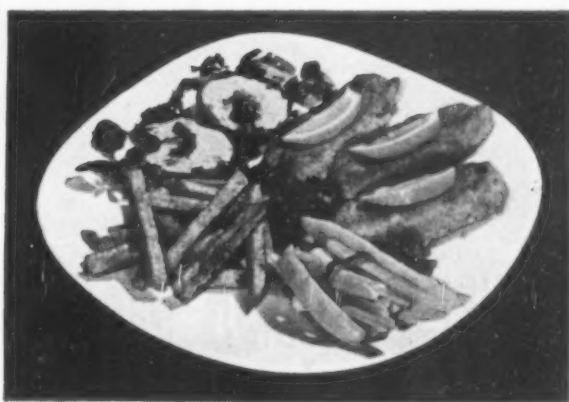
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By Paul Steiner
Drawing by Desmond English

Professors are notoriously absent-minded. Take the case of Prof. Pietro Vassena, of Naples, Italy: ten years he spent constructing a midget submarine. The other day he launched it, expecting to reach a record depth, but it sank immediately—the professor forgot to close the conning tower hatch and water flooded into the sub.

In Winnipeg members of an athletic club gathered at a banquet hall to present an award to one of their champion members. Everyone was there, except the guest of honor. Investigation revealed that the festivities committee had neglected to invite him.

In a British Columbia town the school board proudly inspected its practically completed new school building, then had to go back to the municipal council for more funds—they'd forgotten all about ordering classroom desks.

A man in Port Arthur, Ont., whose job is issuing radio licenses, was fined \$5 and costs—he hadn't remembered to get a license for himself.

The school hall at Omaha, Neb., was packed with people waiting to see a memory expert from New York who claims he can repeat anything after a casual glance at it. They were disappointed. His agent phoned to say that the "memory wizard" had forgotten the engagement.

The handiwork of a group of Hamilton, Ont., counterfeiters was soon detected. They manufactured ten-dollar bills carrying a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, completely losing sight of the fact that the government's currency still carries the portrait of the late King George VI.

A Manitoba thief was arrested when he returned to a warehouse to exchange a forty-gallon barrel of tomato pickles he had stolen the previous night. He'd forgotten that his wife told him to get a barrel of dills.

The father of a Toronto bride came across a large cardboard box, thought it contained garbage and tossed it out. It was only after the box had been hauled away to the civic incinerator that he painfully recalled the box contained his daughter's wedding presents.

In Saint John, N.B., a five-year-old boy who fell off a pier was rescued by his sixty-five-year-old grandmother, who jumped right in after him, fully clothed, then gaspingly explained: "I never thought what I was doing. I plain forgot I can't swim!"

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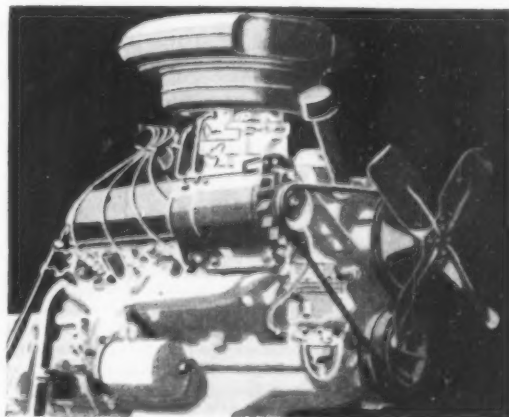
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

course, because the timetable was set up months ago for the second and third weeks of February, but in Ottawa that is a reasonably safe bet. About twenty hardy souls volunteered as guinea pigs.

Site of this and many other Civil Defense experiments is the old Gamble farmhouse on the Connaught Rifle Ranges, fifteen miles upriver from Ottawa. This dwelling, partly frame and partly brick, has been pushed, pulled and blasted into a good simulation of a bombed-out home. Normally the house is used for training Canadians in what to do in a blitz. The February experiment is different.

If a Canadian city were attacked in winter how fast would the rescuers have to be to rescue even the unwounded from the rubble-blocked basements? How long before hope would be gone, and the victims all frozen to death?

Some of the twenty-odd volunteers go into the Gamble cellar fully clothed. Others wear pyjamas with perhaps a scrap of blanket. Some crouch in spaces big enough to let them move about and keep circulation going, others are pinned in one position.

Of course, nobody is allowed to freeze. Doctors take careful note of the fall in body temperature, changes in the pulse rate and so on, during the first few hours. From these data they are able to calculate with reasonable accuracy how much longer it would be before the victim lost consciousness and finally died.

...

Of the 2,562 men and women who have taken Civil Defense courses in the past two and a half years about three hundred have had a special training which will be no use in wartime but is essential in preparing to meet the threat of war. These three hundred are trained as "casualty fakers."

The idea is that when a first-aid team finds a casualty it has to be able to form some notion of what's wrong with him. For one thing the rescuers have to be hardened to the mere sight of grave wounds. Major Richard Bingham, one of the full-time staff at Civil Defense Headquarters here, has devised a number of ingenious props that make squeamish onlookers faint.

They also have to know what happens if a casualty is mishandled. For example, if a victim is crushed under debris he is likely to have a lung hemorrhage if he is moved without the utmost care. So the "casualty faker" carries a little ampule of red liquid in his mouth. If the stretcher-bearers handle him roughly he bites it, a shockingly realistic gush of "blood" pours out of his mouth.

Some casualty faking is pure unassisted acting, and it is no coincidence that many of the three hundred are active in amateur dramatic groups. One outstanding example is the simulation of the effect of "nerve gas," the new and horrible weapon which the Nazis had perfected and didn't dare use.

Nerve gas kills by paralysis. A very slight whiff of it knocks a man's co-ordination askew—he sees double, can't walk straight, has convulsive facial twists and a dropped jaw. Even doctors can mistake these symptoms for drunkenness, hysteria, shock. Casualty fakers are trained very carefully to reproduce the nerve-gas symptoms with precision. They rather enjoy hearing reputable physicians describe their spasms as "fits."

When Stanley Woodward relinquished his post as U. S. Ambassador to Canada last month the embassy staff gave him a silver tray. Normally this gift is inscribed with the signatures of the donors. Woodward's tray is decorated instead with an outline map of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Woodward's big contribution to the project was made when most Canadians thought it was already a virtual certainty. Congress had failed again to ratify the 1941 agreement for a joint undertaking so Canada was "going ahead on her own." Authority was still needed for the U. S. share of the power development as distinct from navigation, but that was a matter for the Truman Administration not for Congress, and the Administration had been pro-seaway all along. There seemed to be no real obstacle left.

Actually it wasn't as simple as that. The Administration had been wholeheartedly in favor of the 1941 agreement, which would have tied power and navigation together and thus assured federal control of the power development after the model of the famous Tennessee Valley Authority. But many of its people were so dedicated to public ownership of power, that they'd almost have preferred to have no St. Lawrence project at all than have it fall into the hands of private utility firms, or even of the State of New York.

There was plenty to negotiate. In a job as big as this, any change is complex. There were new divisions of cost to be worked out, new decisions about what was to be charged to navigation and therefore to Canada alone, and what to the power development and therefore split fifty-fifty. It took months to resolve these questions. It could have taken years. That it didn't has been largely Woodward's doing.

He broke many a deadlock, not by any special technical knowledge (he has none) but by his personal access to and influence with his very close friend, ex-President Truman. Woodward could see the President any time he wanted to, something very few ambassadors could do, and he never hesitated to use this personal entree when the seaway deal ran into any trouble. Ordinarily a matter of this magnitude would have been handled entirely by staff, with the President merely signing the documents drafted for him. Thanks to Woodward the President's interest became personal, and effective, whenever negotiations stalled.

The job isn't finished yet, of course. The U. S. Federal Power Commission is holding hearings now to determine the proper U. S. agent for power development. But there is strong hope in both capitals that delay is nearly over and that Woodward, like Moses, has retired on the very threshold of the promised land. ★

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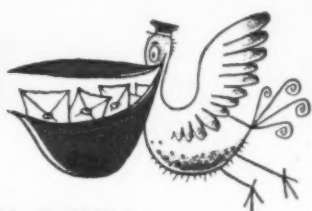


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BAXTER vs. CHAPLIN AND OTHERS

I am no lover of Charlie Chaplin but I have more admiration for him than I have for the writer of London Letter (Alas Poor Charlie, Jan. 1). Chaplin, of course, is a much more popular and better known man than Baxter, which makes this nasty and unwarranted criticism quite ridiculous. —John William Ireland, Calgary.

● Alas Poor Charlie? Poor Beverley Baxter! —Lilian Smith, Campbellford, Ont.

● Baxter wants all the LIMELIGHT to himself. —H. R. Milligan, Vancouver.

● He writes tripe. —George Morrison, Camelon, Falkirk, Scotland.

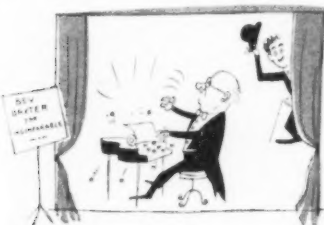
● I was amazed to see Baxter's articles so severely criticized by a section of your readers. It is evident that these people simply refuse to face facts. —J. Vernon, Montreal.

● My gorge rises at most of the drivel you accept from that self-exiled Canadian who tries to be more British than the staunchest Briton and who, in my opinion, ends up by proving to be neither. —Sid Simpson, Transcona, Man.

● Baxter has a British Commonwealth outlook which, in effect, means a worldwide outlook. "Little men" cannot understand how one can be loyal to Canada and at the same time be proud of the Commonwealth connection. —H. Wilson, Toronto.

● Has that man Baxter gone completely nuts? —H. I. Hunsbedt, Vavenby.

● I have been privileged to follow Baxter's work from the beginning... my appreciation for his articles has



increased to the point that the London Letter is the gem, the *pièce de résistance* with each edition. —Mrs. Naomi W. Williams, Los Angeles.

● Baxter is an honest and straightforward writer whom I much admire. —Mrs. Robt. Fowler, Fort Macleod, Alta.

● EGO! EGO! EGO! —S. A. O'Hara, Midnapore, Alta.

● In London Letter (Jan. 15) Baxter says, "And the Prince of Wales, the son of Edward VII, was to inspect us in person."

The eldest son of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was the Duke of Clarence who died Jan. 14, 1892—that is, while his father was still Prince

of Wales. This left George, the second son, the heir presumptive. When Edward became King, George was Duke of Cornwall and York, and as such he visited Canada in 1902. He never was Prince of Wales. —Austin Evans, Toronto.

George was created Prince of Wales, Nov. 9, 1901.

● Please ask Baxter (Rebellion at the Seaside, Dec. 15) to return Morecambe immediately—it has been established on the west coast for too long for Yorkshire, dead or alive, to claim it for the east. —Mrs. N. Hall Humpherson, Toronto.

Back goes Morecambe to Lancashire.

● I much enjoyed Baxter's Rebellion at the Seaside. He is constantly amusing in the role of a prophet. —J. P. Griffith, Fort Macleod, Alta.

● May one reader complain about the suddenly so bitter anti-German article (Krupp, Schacht and Rommel, Dec. 1) by that tired royalist, Beverley Baxter, which can hardly promote good feeling or international sportsmanship at this time. —Dr. Roger Shaw, Hartford, Conn.

● In Krupp, Schacht and Rommel, Baxter gives a clear picture of international bungling that no one should miss. —G. M. Kerkhoff, Vancouver.

● Beeswax and baxter, Aunt Jemima's plaster, The more you try to pull it off The more it sticks the faster.

Never knew what baxter was, but it must have been tenacious stuff. Long may Maclean's and Beverley Baxter be as inseparable. —Mabel Cowan, Galt, Ont.

● However did Baxter get mixed up in geography, where he writes of passing Carlyle's birthplace before reaching the border between Scotland and England. I always thought the great author was a Scot and born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire in Scotland. —William Young, Cayuga, Ont.

Young right; Baxter wrong.

● I have just read Beverley Baxter's letter, My Heart's in the Highlands, and I should like to express my appreciation of such a beautifully written article. I am a Canadian from away back and, after reading the letter, I could find it in my heart to be regretful that I can not number among my ancestors any who came from north of the border. —R. H. Trickey, Saskatoon.

● As a Scot I dissent strongly from his sentiments and arguments. —George Ross, Dunedin, Scotland.

● In Edinburgh there are still a few noisy royalists but Scotland generally does not care whether there is a royal family or not. —Colin Lamb, Victoria.

● So the great Baxter finally spent a week end in Scotland! This pompous, self-appointed custodian of the con-

science of the British people says there is no political or moral significance to his article. Why should there be?—thousands make the same trip annually and think nothing of it. Ease off, Beverley, you're getting yourself confused with somebody important. —George Williamson, Vancouver.

● Baxter redeems your magazine. Never let him go. With the magic of his pen he keeps aglow the wholesome interests, the splendid loyalties, the refinements, indeed the very orderliness that preserves the best in human relations. —Christina Monney, Bowden, Alta.

Good-by Harry

Thank you for the editorial, A Fond Farewell to Harry S. Truman (Jan. 15). It says things I've longed to have said by some voice that could be raised. —Louise Burchell, Windsor, N.S.

● History will accord Truman a place of greater honor than that permitted by contemporary critics. —F. A. Lewis, Halifax.

Cover Comment

Your Dec. 1 cover by Bill Winter was of profound interest to our two-year-old son. He was especially inter-



ested in what the cat was planning for the two birds. He picked out all his little friends too. —Mrs. A. S. Lamb, Melfort, Sask.

● I wish I could express my great pleasure on seeing your Jan. 1 cover (by Franklin Arbuckle). —E. R. Kobald, San Rafael, Calif.

● I wish to express indignation about the Jan. 15 cover by William Winter. Voluntary Sunday school workers certainly don't deserve to be ridiculed in this way. —W. D. Bayley, Winnipeg.

Karsh's Canada

Congratulations! The Karsh articles on Edmonton and Winnipeg were superb. —A. P. Gleave, Biggar, Sask.

● More beautiful photographs I have never seen. —Mrs. D. Vuchovich, Sarnia, Ont.

● What impressed me most about Vancouver (I lived there four years) were the delightful smell of freshly cut lumber, the Sikhs, the North Shore mountains from the city—in fact everything depicted in Karsh's article. —Mrs. D. N. MacMillan, Maywood, Calif.

● Some citizens of Saint John are of the opinion that Karsh's photographs far from do their city justice. We have more than slums and broken-down wharves. —Edith A. Davis, Saint John.

● An apology is due Saint John. —Mrs. M. E. McKinney, Saint John.

● Horrors! This is Saint John? —Janice Horgan, Saint John.

● What is Karsh trying to prove? —H. Hyslop, Toronto. ★

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A HOUSEWIFE out shopping in a Galt, Ont., market spied what she thought was a familiar face, so she hurried over with outstretched hand and a hearty, "Fancy seeing you here. How are you anyway?"

Just then the man turned and she found herself face to face with a total stranger.

"I'm fine, thanks," he said. "But I'm afraid I don't remember you."

The quick-witted housewife gave his arm a friendly pat. "Oh, it will come to you," she smiled reassuringly and calmly sauntered away.

A New Brunswick woman walked into a drugstore, looked over a display of colored soaps and said thoughtfully to the clerk, "I'll take a dozen, please. Six green for the front and six blue for the back—." As the clerk's eyes began to pop, she added hastily, "—for the front and back bathrooms, I mean!"

When the big red truck arrived at a Hamilton home to cart away old clothes and newspapers, the five-year-old daughter wriggled with excitement. But when the driver merely collected the bundles and drove away, she burst into tears.

"The man didn't leave us any pictures," she reproached her mother. "And you said he was the Television Army."

A teen-aged boy braved the mystery of a Saskatoon lingerie shop to buy his sister a sheer nylon blouse. When he took it home his mother ruled that such a transparent



garment should only be worn over a camisole.

Grimly he returned to the shop, reciting "camisole, camisole" under his breath. But his wits left him at the counter when he blurted out his order, "I want one of those things you wear under a blouse. You know, a—a camouflage."

Sign in a Kingston, Ont., plumber's shop:

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Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A Vancouver couple had watched a dramatic spaceship invasion of the moon on TV's March of Time. As they settled back, still dazzled by flaming rockets, the wife remarked, "My, that was realistic! I can almost smell the smoke."

She could—but it wasn't from rockets. Firemen carried the smoking TV set outdoors and extinguished a blaze resulting from defective wiring.

A freight train and candy delivery truck collided at a crossing in Cornwall, Ont., scattering the truck's tasty cargo just as a nearby school



let out. The driver, dazed but uninjured, was crawling out of the wreckage and congratulating himself on being alive when a six-year-old girl tugged his sleeve and enquired gravely, "Mister, could I have some candy please?"

A certain Ottawa businessman leaves his car at home in the morning and has his wife pick him up at night. He's become a sort of landmark as he waits outside his office building each evening, smoking a strong cigar.

One evening a pipe had replaced his usual stogie and a friend remarked, "Well, John, where's the old stinker tonight?"

"She's late," said John, absently. "Must have been held up in the traffic."

There was mild panic at the Home and School Association's annual hobby fair in Bancroft, Ont., when the lunch committee ran out of coffee. But a resourceful convener saved the day by borrowing a pound from one of the three identical food hampers, offered as door prizes.

Five minutes later the draw was held and the lunch convener found herself winner of a food hamper—minus one pound of coffee.

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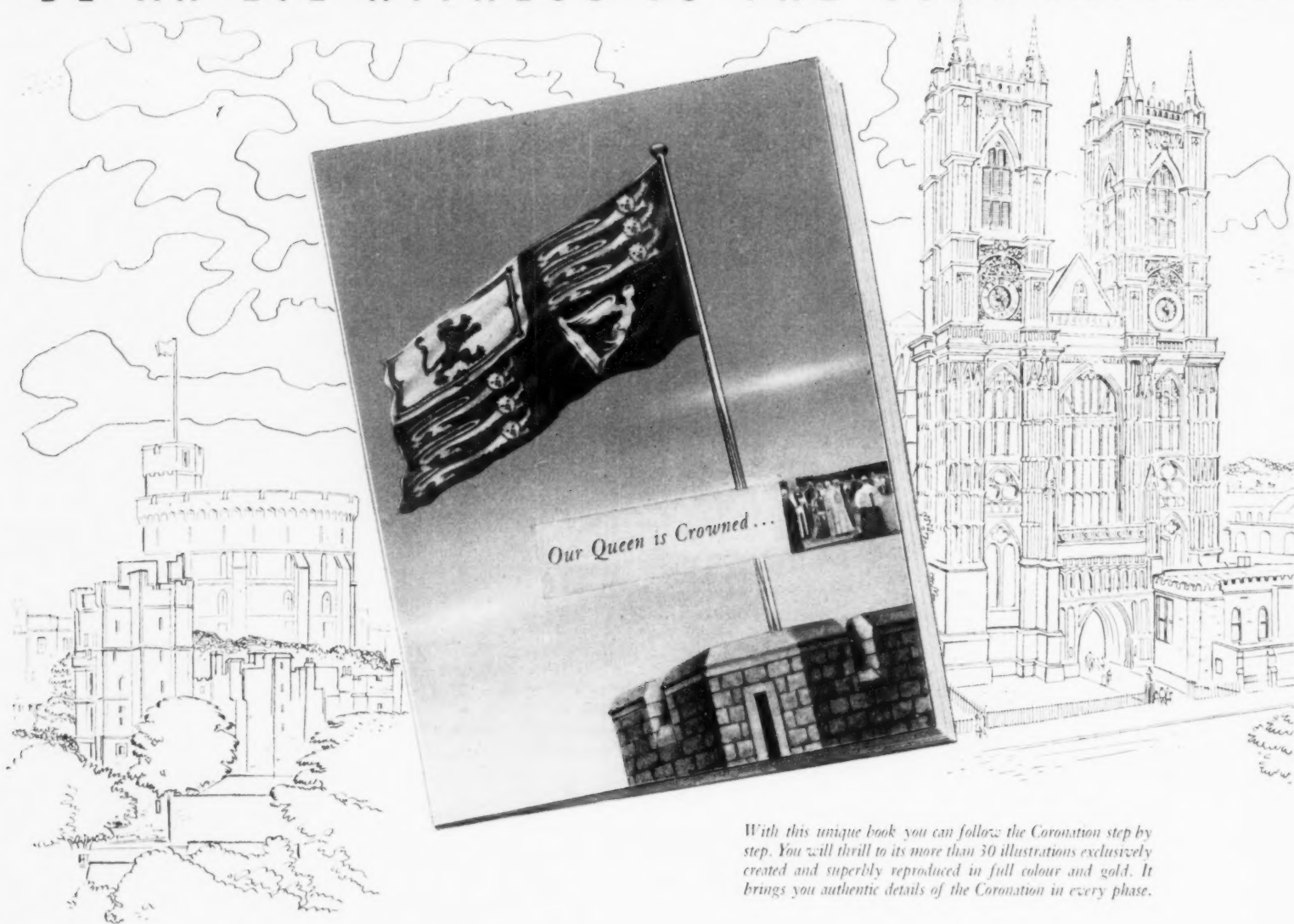
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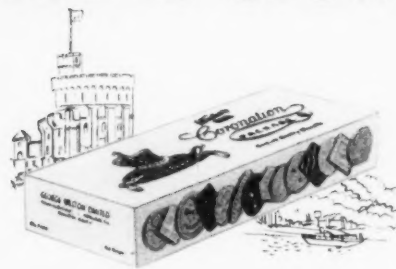
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